



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1884

JUNE 13, 1908

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M. C. TAYLOR, Secretary.

University of Edinburgh,
8th June, 1901.

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The Council invites applications for the post of WARDEN of the Alexandra Hall of Residence for Women Students, in succession to Miss Stephen.

Applications and 10 copies of testimonials to be sent in by June 25th to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

J. H. DAVIES, M.A., Registrar.

May 21st, 1908.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An

EXAMINATION will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th, to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships, and also some Exhibitions. For particulars, apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Deans' Yard, S.W.

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The result of these notices is that "THE FOURTH SHIP" is beginning to sell, and is just now in lively demand at all the principal libraries in the country.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE second letter on the subject of Socialism and Christianity from Mr. Paine which we publish in our Correspondence columns only serves to show how very dangerous it is to argue from imperfect and partial knowledge. It is quite evident from Mr. Paine's letter that he has the very vaguest ideas as to what Socialism really means. He calmly remarks, "I have not read Mr. Bax." What a confession for a Socialist! What would Mr. Paine think of a man who professed to be a member of the Conservative party and who declared that he did not believe that the preservation of individual liberty was any part of the policy of that party, and who on being referred to the speeches of the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and the other leaders of the party, replied, "I have never heard or read the speeches of Mr. Balfour or Lord Salisbury"? The vast majority of Socialists are atheists and Freethinkers, and say so quite frankly. Mr. Paine will not alter the facts by blandly ignoring them or by exposing his ignorance of the writings of the leaders of the movement to which he professes to belong. None are so blind as those who will not see, and if Mr. Paine, after reading the letter which immediately follows his own, does not feel it necessary to revise his views we fear he is past praying for. As to the statement which he makes—"the Socialist movement is making rapid progress"—as far as this country is concerned we unhesitatingly give it a flat denial. It is impossible to argue with a man who persists in saying that two and two make five, and who, when it is pointed out to him that the vast weight of intelligent mathematical opinion has decided against the proposition, replies by saying, "Time will show that I am right," and supports his theory by quite irrelevant references to the utterly unimportant views of certain utterly unimportant nonentities who have managed to get themselves elected Members of Parliament. To do the so-called Christian Socialists justice, we are of opinion that a very much better case could be made for them than is attempted by Mr. Paine. We rather fancy that our contributor Mr. Marson could furnish us with at any rate a reasonable basis for argument. We offer him the hospitality of our Correspondence columns for the purpose.

The letter which we print from Mr. Dalrymple Duncan on Socialism and Suffragitis confirms in every particular

the contention which we laid down in a recent article that these two diseases are intimately connected. By the way, it appears that there is to be a demonstration of female Suffragists on June 21st in Hyde Park, and the interior of tube-stations and lifts have been "beautified" by portraits of ladies who are to address this momentous gathering. It is greatly to be hoped that some counter-demonstration of sane and right-thinking women will be organised. There is not the least doubt that the feeling in the country against the Suffragettes is very strong indeed. The further they go with their demonstrations and their public shrieks the more do they disgust the vast majority of reasonable people of either sex. We invite suggestions from our readers as to the organisation of a counter-movement.

We have to congratulate the *Daily Mail* on the discovery of a new source of humour. That paper and the journals allied to it have, we may say, done pretty well in the past; they have alluded to Mr. Dick Swiveller's entertainment of Mr. Pickwick, they have hailed Miss Corelli, Mr. Guy Thorne, and Mr. Crockett as a "Celtic Galaxy," and they have furnished our peaceful British breakfast-tables with some pretty notes on the "Girlhood of a Man." There is something quite charming in this last feat. Of course it is only right that the patrons of a "family paper" should be well posted in such subjects. But a week ago the *Daily Mail* surpassed itself. It dazzled the reader's eye with the headings:

STRIKE OF "VILLAINS."

AMUSING STORY OF A CLOSED THEATRE.

And, indeed, the story proved to be of a side-splitting character. It seems that last January a company of actors was engaged to play in a pantomime at Bexhill-on-Sea; whereupon the following farcical incidents (much funnier, surely, than anything in the pantomime) took place:

On the Saturday evening, in consequence of the artistes not being paid their salaries, two comedians, Munro and Wilson, who were playing the part of the "villains," refused to perform. An uproar ensued, in the middle of which Mr. St. John, manager of the company, to whom all looked for their salaries, escaped with his portmanteau to the station. He was observed in his escape, however, and promptly haled back to the theatre by the male section of the company.

An attempt was made to get together a scratch performance, but owing to there not being another two "villains" in Bexhill that fell through. In consequence of this there was no performance that night, and the company was left stranded and practically starving.

Surely the *Daily Mail* having, as it were, tapped the source of so much mirth, will let us have more from a well which should be inexhaustible. It is humorous enough, we confess, to think of these twenty-five wretched strollers starving at Bexhill; left there without money, without food, in imminent danger of being turned out into the streets or on to the shore. And some actors are married, and have delicate wives and sick children and pressing debts incurred for the hard, simple necessities of life; and some of the twenty-five doubtless looked forward to that engagement at Bexhill as a drowning man looks at an approaching boat; and all this makes the tale ever so much funnier. But there must be even better things of the same sort, which would make the lively pages of the *Daily Mail* livelier still. For instance, actors sometimes get ill: why should we not have something of this kind?

AMUSING SCENE.

COMIC CLOWN PERISHING OF PERITONITIS.

And then actors die occasionally; the *Daily Mail* will, doubtless, let us know of the event after this sort:

HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

EXIT WHIMSICAL WILKINS.

"CANCER" HIS CUE.

Really, if the matter be properly handled, there will be no excuse for wasting threepence a week on *Punch*. Every

week we may expect a few sparkling jokes at the expense of poor actors; and why leave out struggling authors and unlucky painters? This is an ethical age, the Harmsworth publications are nothing if not ethical; and quip and jest will enforce the great moral lesson that the greatest of all sins is the want of money.

Seriously, one longs sometimes for the establishment of the *régime* of the Mikado—the Mikado of Mr. Gilbert. Here is a case in which the punishment should be made to fit the crime. One does not want to be ferocious and vindictive, we do not propose that the proprietors and staff of the *Daily Mail* should be compelled to read the "Children's Encyclopædia;" but one would be glad to lead these gentlemen apart, to starve them a little, to make them taste the draught of hope deferred, to take them down to Bexhill, and finally to defraud them of their wages, and to leave them stranded there at the mercy of chance compassions and of their landladies. It is possible that the case might then seem less "amusing." It is an ill sign of the times that the stupid and callous brutality we have noted is supposed to appeal to the great mass of the people. Gross literary ignorance, shameless puffery, staring incompetence, the insertion of paragraphs which are of no pleasant content—all this we must pass. But the Yahoo laughter over the distresses and agonies of helpless men and women shall not be allowed to pass. He who grinds the faces of the poor is denounced as accursed; we need not seek far for an epithet to apply to the man who makes comic capital out of the woes of poverty.

The May Week number of the *Cambridge Review* contains some interesting, not to say highly diverting, reading. On June 17th, at 3.15 p.m., certain honorary degrees are to be conferred on certain distinguished persons, and, by the "kindness of the Public Orator," the *Cambridge Review* is in a position to offer us some "memoranda on their careers." The memoranda are really great in their way. Of Mr. Kipling the Public Orator dilates as follows:—

(11) Rudyard Kipling has had the rare distinction of having been the theme of at least three volumes of literary criticism during his life-time: the "appreciation" by G. F. Monkshood, the "Kipling Primer" of F. L. Knowles, and the elaborate review written by Richard Le Gallienne. The "Seven Seas" is dedicated to the City of Bombay, and its opening poem tells us of the author's pride in the city of his birth—

For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.

The rapidity with which his reputation was won was remarkable. In 1890 it was associated with the familiar saying, "but that is another story;" in 1899 he was exhorting us to take up "the white man's burden." His work in prose is noted for its vigour, vitality, vividness, veracity, and virility; while his verse is of a brilliant and highly rhetorical type.

The which, surely—leaving out, of course, the vigorous, vital, vivid, veracious, and virile part—might have been written by Biffins of the Fourth Form. And when the Public Orator ventures on a trifle of detail he becomes still more delicious; assuring us, for example, that the "best-known" of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" "tells of the soldier who hears 'the East a-calling,'" and sighs for the once-familiar sights and sounds on "the road to Mandalay." We discover further that:

In the same volume the soldier's tribute to the fine qualities of the savage Soudanese warrior achieved a great success; and any who ever heard the late Mr. Cobb play and sing his own setting of these two ballads, are not likely soon to forget them.

It seems to us that on the whole the Public Orator at Cambridge might with advantage furbish up his literary wits, not to mention his literary style. That any person in his senses should consider that Mr. Monkshood's "appreciation" of Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Knowles's "Kipling Primer," and Mr. Le Gallienne's "elaborate review" confer rare distinction upon their subject is idiotic. That the Editor

of the *Cambridge Review* should smack his lips over such babble astonishes us.

Lovers of good dancing should certainly not miss paying a visit to the Pavilion Music Hall, where Guerrero is appearing nightly. On the occasion on which we visited the theatre last Monday, a Bank Holiday crowd did not seem to appreciate at its proper value the exquisite art displayed by this accomplished dancer. Guerrero's art is not confined to that of dancing. She is also a master of facial expression and gesture, and in the thrilling little episode in three short scenes which culminate in her betrayal of the brigand to the soldiers who are searching for him, she is most admirably supported by the gentleman who takes the part of the brigand. The whole performance is on a very high level, and is a reminder of the fact, which has often been noted before, that the best art is quite as often to be found in the music-hall as in the theatre.

The editor of the *Book Monthly* has been interviewing the editor of a rival journal called the *Tailor and Cutter*. The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* knows all about "the dress of authors." He is of opinion that Mr. Augustine Birrell dresses "passing well," and that Sir Gilbert Parker is quite one of the best-dressed men of the day. On the other hand, Mr. Swinburne's habiliments are stated to be "of the farmer type," while the "note" of Mr. Hall Caine's get-up is "individuality." The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* told the editor of the *Book Monthly* a great deal more to the like effect. Mr. Birrell may have changed his style of dress since he became a Cabinet Minister, but in the drear days prior to the return of the present Government to power we saw a good deal of Mr. Birrell, and we should never have dreamed of describing him as a man who dressed even moderately well. While as to Mr. Swinburne, there never was and there never will be the smallest suggestion of "farmer" about him. However, the matter is entirely a small one. It is not the reach-me-downs of authors that concern anybody in his senses.

The prophets appear to have been quite wrong in their views as to reprints. On the face of it it is gratifying that they should have been wrong. For obviously the thing that we need—that is to say, when we begin to consider English letters—is reprints. Five years ago it was commonly supposed that the cheap classic had come for a day. It was regarded as a mere publishers' fetch, and we were told that the book-buying public would speedily grow sick of it. Yet at the present moment we are publishing reprints with the most palpable assiduity, and the public do not appear to be in the least tired. And whereas in the beginning of the movement the publication of two or three volumes at a time was considered highly enterprising, we now feel ourselves competent to descend upon the market not with spies, so to speak, but with whole battalions. Mr. Dent has just sent us a list of 349 volumes of "Everyman's Library" published by his firm, and he announces coolly that "twenty-five new volumes are just added." It is plain that if there were no demand for "Everyman's Library" Mr. Dent would scarcely go on making his additions. But he goes on making them. This is as it should be, and it proves to demonstration that when all is said the reading public is not by any means so black as certain critics are inclined to paint it. In other words, if you give it of the best, it has sense enough to rise to the occasion. The early notion that people bought classics on the mere ground of their cheapness is by this time pretty well exploded. It is true that they might not buy them if they were dear; but it is equally true that they have ceased to buy them as mere "furniture." There can be no doubt that books are now being read in reprint form which would otherwise have been neglected. The catholicity of the editors of "Everyman's Library" and the pluck of the publisher cannot be questioned. We are glad to perceive that they are not wanting of their commercial reward.

Quite a number of new firms of publishers have sprung into existence during the last twelve months, and among those which have attained the most striking success may be named that of Mrs. E. Grant Richards. This new firm must not be confused with the old firm of Grant Richards. It will be remembered that on the failure of Mr. Grant Richards for an amount exceeding £60,000, on which sum a very trifling asset in the pound was ultimately paid, the original firm ceased to exist. Mrs. Grant Richards, however, of course has had at her disposal the advice and experience of her capable husband. It is understood that Mr. Grant Richards has made the noble resolution, which has nowadays become almost old-fashioned, of endeavouring, with the assistance of Mrs. Richards, to pay off his creditors in full. Nobody who is acquainted with the almost Quixotically honest character of Mr. Richards will be surprised that he has taken this resolution, and in an age when commercial morality is becoming more and more lax it is one which will be universally applauded. Mr. Grant Richards is understood to have felt particularly distressed that among his unpaid creditors was a large proportion of authors many of whom could ill afford the loss which was entailed by intrusting the publication of their books to his hands. This sentiment is one which does him the utmost credit.

GIVING PLACE

Thou art not, though thy hawthorns on the air
Spread rich, thy lilacs sweeping everywhere,
 Persia's fine way
 Superbly gray ;
Though thy laburnums drop—thou art not there—
 There is no May.

It is the June, the lovely June, concealed,
And all her beauties treasured that will yield
 Themselves, how soon !
 My senses swoon ;
Where the white umbels blow across the field
 There must be June.

MICHAEL FIELD.

May 21st, 1908.

THE FLUTES OF SILENCE

The swoln grey-fingered shadows stretch between
 The chestnut boughs, to touch the fountain's rim,
 And on the large leaf-freckled basin dim
The still dissolving show of that faint scene ;
There a bright inlay of glassed leaves is seen ;
 The sun flows in and floats, as if it knew
 No gushing of white waters to the blue
Would stir among the mosses' film of green,
And parcel out the cloud-built floor, and make
 The inverted minarets of poplar shake ;
For ever this phantasmal place, believe,
 Thrills to the flutes of silence faintly blown,
While from the sallow hedge, moist leaves are sown
 Falling like meteors faint at shut of eve.

M. JOURDAIN.

REVIEWS

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Bibliography, by C. F. TUCKER BROOKE. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

THIS careful and scholarly book is a collection of fourteen of the plays which have at one time or another been attributed to Shakespeare. So sound and trustworthy a text as this has been, in the case of many of these plays, badly needed for some time, and the other editorial functions have been performed by Mr. Tucker Brooke with learning and care ; while his Introduction is admirable.

During the last three centuries more than forty plays not in the first folio have been attributed to Shakespeare—in the earliest times uncritically, by mere hearsay, or by fraudulent publishers ; later by the English scholars of the eighteenth century, whose scholarship was hardly minute enough to be secure in noting the difference between the real Shakespeare and his contemporaries or imitators ; and, lastly, "in a burst of midsummer madness," as Mr. Tucker Brooke well says, by the German Shakespearians, with Tieck and Schlegel at their head, who wanted to claim for their demigod almost as much, though on different grounds, as the Baconians nowadays want to claim for theirs. Of these forty odd plays, *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus* have now been accepted, rightly or wrongly, into the canon ; others, like *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, which was destroyed by Warburton's cook, have perished ; others were flat forgeries ; and others, again, have either found their proper attribution, or turned out too flagrantly un-Shakespearian to deserve a place even in the Apocrypha. The fourteen plays printed by Mr. Tucker Brooke comprise the residuum—those which may be regarded as entitled to the benefit of the off-chance that Shakespeare wrote them, altered them, or touched them up. In his Introduction Mr. Tucker Brooke examines the value of that off-chance.

It is not very great. In the first place, all these plays are of different *genres* from those in the canon. There is not a single plot taken from the French or Italian. In nearly all fourteen plays the characters are English. Two are relations in dramatic form of famous crimes of the day—a branch of drama which is only recently extinct, but not one to attract a Shakespeare. Several are close studies of contemporary life and manners, the kind of thing that Ben Jonson liked to do, in *Bartholomew Fair* and elsewhere, but which the canonical Shakespeare never did, save perhaps under the guise of history or fiction. Finally there are the biographical chronicles—*Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, and *Sir Thomas More*. It is here that we cannot follow Mr. Tucker Brooke with complete confidence in his *prima facie* objection to the Shakespearian authorship. True, there is no biographical chronicle in the canon, but there are several plays that come being very near it—*Richard II.*, for instance—and others, of which part, at least, is the disconnected biography of some one character. Again, it is hardly safe to condemn such plays outright on the ground of "structural chaos." Structural cosmos is not a marked characteristic of Shakespeare's chronicles ! The kind of play and the conditions of presentation on the stage did not demand it. We are not, however, disagreeing with Mr. Tucker Brooke's conclusions ; we are merely pointing out that this is the place where his *prima facie* arguments are weakest. For all that they are probably sound, and, empirically considered, the plays—and especially the very interesting *Sir Thomas More*—bear him out in the decision he arrives at.

It would take too long to examine the claims of all these fourteen plays to have been written, revised, or touched by Shakespeare. Mr. Tucker Brooke has done it candidly and soundly, and every reader will want to play

the game for himself. We find it difficult to believe that *Arden of Feversham*, a brutal and clumsy play, will hold much longer the place which it has somehow won, even in the opinion of so great a critic as Mr. Swinburne. Did Shakespeare even touch it up? Several critics are still inclined to trace his hand "glancing along" in one or two passages. Here is one of them. Shakebag, the murderer, is lying in wait to kill Arden:

Black night hath hid the pleasures of ye day,
And shetung darknesse overhangs the earth
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe
Obscures us from the eyesight of the worlde,
In which swete silence such as we triumph.
The laisyie minuts linger on their time,
Loth to give due audit to the howre,
Til in the watch our purpose be complete
And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Greene, get you gone and linger here about,
And at some houre hence come to us againe,
Where we will give you instance of his death.

Did Shakespeare write that? He might have—but so might a dozen others of his time. And Arden's relation of his dream in the following scene, which is another supposed Shakespearian passage, is just like a dozen other of the dreams of which Elizabethan audiences were fond. As to *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, another play, or rather sketch, on the same lines, it is—but for one passage of admirable prose—a worse production even than *The Fatal Curiosity*, and even the contemporary evidence of the Stationers' Register and the title-page of the first edition—even the opinion of Dr. A. W. Ward—cannot make us believe it to be Shakespearian in the minutest degree. We should, on the other hand, dearly like to believe in *Mucedorus*, that fascinating piece of childishness, that delightful fairy-tale, with its bear and its wild man of the woods, its clown Mouse, and the rest of it. But, alas! the will to believe is here of no avail.

The case is very different with what is, in many respects, the most interesting play in this volume, *Sir Thomas More*. Here we hit upon one of those exciting possibilities and puzzles which are too rare in the career of the student of texts and manuscripts. The original manuscript of this play lay neglected in the British Museum till Dyce printed it in 1844. It is a very untidy manuscript, written in several different hands. The story seems to have been that a clean copy, all in one hand, was sent to the Master of the Revels for licence, that he objected, as his own notes in the margin show, to certain things, and that the manuscript was thereupon handed over to two or three or more people, each of whom was to alter a part. Was one of those people Shakespeare? And have we in this manuscript an authentic specimen of Shakespeare's handwriting?

One supreme passage, the scene in which More (or Moore, as the play spells the name) calms by his eloquence an insurrection among the citizens of London, has been assigned by Stebbing, the great critic of Bacon, and by others to Shakespeare; and the reader cannot but agree that here, if anywhere in this book, we have something that proclaims itself Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare all over—in rhythm, in the use of words, in grandeur, in humour, in its view of the mob, in dramatic force, in everything. It is a first draft, corrected and "blotted" in a manner that should have satisfied even Jonson. It appears that comparison of the handwriting with the only extant pieces of Shakespeare's handwriting—the signatures to his will and to the two deeds—is inconclusive; and much surely hangs upon the nature of the script. Is it English or Italian? Be that as it may, the internal evidence of this scene (which should be read in its entirety) is as conclusive as such things can be.

The question is complicated not a little by the uncertainty as to whether some other portions of the amended play are in the same hand as the great insurrection scene or not. The experts in manuscript are divided; but the weight of evidence appears to be on the side of an identity of hand in certain weaker passages, which might yet be by Shakespeare. It is possible, too, of course, that

the adaptor, in making his improvements, copied out in his own hand certain things which he took over from the original.

It is an exciting question. But, whichever way it is settled, no one can fail to admit, with Dr. A. W. Ward, Mr. Tucker Brooke, and many others, that the play itself is, next perhaps to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the best in the Shakespeare Apocrypha.

MEMORIES

Memories of Men and Books. By the REV. ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A. (Smith and Elder, 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. CHURCH writes with such engaging frankness and exhibits himself in this volume in such an amiable light that he disarms criticism. Age has its privileges, and he would be a churl indeed who would find fault because the "memories" of a kindly old gentleman in his eightieth year are sometimes a little trivial, sometimes, it might almost seem, hardly worth remembering. Had Mr. Church done nothing in his life but write his "Stories from Virgil" and "Stories from Homer," he would have deserved well of the world. Many stories from the classics have been written, but none of them approach in merit the work of Mr. Church. Written with genuine enthusiasm in fine, clear-cut English, they have been a fruitful source of inspiration not only to schoolboys, but to others to whom the classics were a sealed book. They have the genuine taste and aroma of the originals. They rank as literature with Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." And it is interesting to see in perusing the pleasant pages of his book how his ardent love and knowledge of the classics have influenced and affected his whole life, giving him breadth of taste and knowledge, an amiability of outlook. The "humanities"? Yes; there is something in them that those who would banish Greek and Latin from our public school curriculum would never be able to replace.

Of himself Mr. Church has no tales of heroism to tell. His is the record of a quiet, studious life passed, for the most part, in libraries and class-rooms. He has been schoolmaster, professor, parish priest, author, and reviewer. He admits with charming candour that he was not a conspicuous success either as schoolmaster or professor. His heart was all the time in his writing, with which he never allowed his other avocations to interfere. He confesses to having produced some seventy books—a rare record of industry and devotion—and the reader who is interested in these matters may learn from these pages the financial results of Mr. Church's literary labours. The "Stories from Virgil" and the "Stories from Homer"—his most successful volumes—have brought him a little over £2,000; but this sum, of course, took many years to earn. In addition to his work as author, Mr. Church claims to have reviewed forty thousand books—a staggering achievement which argues not only great mental stability, but marvellous physical vitality on the part of the reviewer. For those who desire to know the secrets of reviewing, Mr. Church provides an illuminating chapter. Quite as interesting as the author's literary memories are some of his reminiscences of old London and of Oxford in the late 'forties. Things were different at Oxford in those days:

Of organised sport there was very little—nothing, in fact, except rowing. The College was too small and, I take it, too poor to have a cricket-ground. It was possible to belong to the Magdalen Club, which was then practically the club for the University. But cricket was an expensive amusement, and, though there were two or three good cricketers in Lincoln, no one ever played. We were more zealous consequently about rowing.

Mr. Church was associated at Oxford with many men who have since become famous in Church and State. One of the most interesting personalities he describes is that of Mark Pattison, tutor of Lincoln College. Of him he writes:

He lived for a while in what we should now call a "clergy house," of which John Henry Newman was the head, and he was

associated in the work of the "Lives of Saints." . . . He was accustomed to recite daily the "Hours of the Roman Breviary," and he was once at least among those who frequented Dr. Pusey's confessional. . . . Social he never was. He was good enough to admit me to his friendship, but I never felt quite at ease in his company. What undergraduate could ever forget the disconcerting stare with which he regarded him during the duty call which was paid at the beginning of a term? He did not attempt to make conversation, but glared, so to speak, over his spectacles at his visitor. The hardest youth, though he might be said to fear neither God nor man, quailed before that speechless, petrifying look.

It should be added that Mr. Church has many pleasant and entertaining anecdotes to tell, and from the first page to the last there is not an unkind word about anybody.

THE MAKING OF ANTHOLOGIES

Poets of Our Day. By N. G. ROYDE-SMITH. (Methuen, 5s.)

CERTAINLY the living poets are lucky fellows. Here is yet another book devoted to their glory, and it would seem that at last they are coming into their own. We say at last, in thinking of them as a long-neglected body of artists, but really some of those who have taken the most space in this volume are quite newcomers. Mr. Noyes, for instance, is quite a new voice in the modern jargonizing, crying volubly a very easy sing-song through many pages—second-rate narrative, with now and then absurdly literary phrases and lines breaking through.

Older poets there are in the book who have already received the only approbation possible or worth having nowadays—that of the fit and few. There is, for instance, a beautiful familiar poem by Mr. Bridges; inspiring verses by Mr. Newbolt, including the fine "Drake's Drum;" Mr. Davidson's capital "Runnable Stag." There are some singular and beautiful verses by a poet who has always been secure from popularity, Mr. de la Mare; and, alas! there is some singular rubbish by Mr. Stephen Phillips, who has always been sure of it, and who proffers the shoddiest of blank verse to the great name of Milton!

Miss Royde-Smith anticipates cavils at her omissions, and we therefore withhold ours. It is the sin of commission which is never to be forgiven in the anthologist, and it is to this unpardonable fault that our attention has frequently been called in looking through her book. Possibly the selection has not in every case been in her own hands—in which event we are sorry; but if her choice has been absolutely free, why, then, we are still sorry. Apparently she has a hearty love of poetry, and has cast her net widely—too widely. She has caught several American poets who have hitherto been unknown to us, and shall be still save for what we perforce remember from her book. Some of the verses come so near to being what Mr. Henry James likes to call "the real right thing," and yet are irritating shams. We would exchange whole loads of them for one of Father Tabb's perfect jewels (of pearl or opal), though perhaps not those of his which our anthologist has selected. Here are some American verses for which, as we gather from her Introduction, Miss Royde-Smith has a strong admiration—we will not name the author:

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers.
More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of lovely subtleties.
When the dark pansies nod to say
Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.
I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do,
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brother by the fence.

We are tempted to speculate on the nature of this "little brother by the fence," but, leaving this, we think only a mere flicker of attention, a mere shadow of humour, are needed to discover how consummately bad these verses are, and we regret that Miss Royde-Smith should have surrendered her judgment so readily to her enthusiasm. Her other selections from American versifiers—always with the noble exception of the fine poet already named, Father Tabb—are also questionable; indeed, there is scarcely a verse equal to the level of the English pieces, though that is not very lofty. All this we say because she looks to America for the next great poet, and, thinking of the specimens she has collected here, we can only record our gentle dissent. Perhaps in our own country there is no surer promise or sign of the "next great poet" than in America—unless, indeed, he is here already, singing unrecognised and scorned, as has sometimes happened. But whatever surprise and humiliation that subtle ironist Time may have prepared for our incredulous hearts, one thing, we think, is clear—that the American poets represented so generously in this small book give absolutely no support to Miss Royde-Smith's expectancy. American critics will doubtless deny this with agreeable vehemence, and see in her a perfect anthologist with prophetic perceptions.

The making of anthologies is, we know, a fascinating employment. We ourselves have found a fascination in the mere projection of a book of English verse. But it is not an easy thing to do well, and where Miss Royde-Smith has erred, we fear, is in not distinguishing clearly between a mere bundle of poems and an anthology. Observing, apparently, only the easy arbitrary limits of date, she has simply produced the former, when she might with a little more precision of aim have accomplished the latter. We beseech intending compilers of little books of verse to remember that such justly-renowned examples as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and Mrs. Meynell's "Flower of the Mind" owe their excellence to the definite unifying principle of choice, whereby harmony in variety is secured, and one poem becomes, in a certain sense, the complement of another. An acutely critical preference is not sufficient, though it is quite essential. In the book before us there are, of course, many fine poems, but some of them ought not to be there. As an instance we will mention the magnificent ode of Francis Thompson's, "From the Night of Forebeing," which is of a pitch too lofty, of a power far too intense for the company of little things. It is a mountain among pleasant little hills and trim gardens and stucco temples, and to read it here makes one sadly discontented with many of the others. Yet our present-day poets are born for anthologies. Theirs are mostly brief things, little poignant things, full of tender apprehension of life's transience, full of dreams and roses; theirs are often, to use Mr. Watson's amusingly magniloquent phrase, "Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne." But the great authentic music which, we hold, our own day is still privileged to hear from its singers, the music of august and beautiful voices, is best left alone.

THE THREAD OF EMPIRE

Over-Sea Britain. By E. F. KNIGHT. (Murray, 6s. net.)

The Real India. By J. D. REES, M.P. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE two books combined give us the history brought up to date of nearly the whole of the Empire.

Anything from the pen of the author of "Where Two Empires Meet" is welcome—and arouses pleasurable expectation—which will not be disappointed by reading the book under review. Mr. Knight's aim is to give a comprehensive account of the British possessions beyond

the seas in a work of moderate compass. This volume deals with the Mediterranean, African, and American possessions of Great Britain, and we are promised in a second volume the British possessions in Asia and Oceania. And so "The Real India" is doubly welcome. Mr. Rees offers us a quite impartial record of the political, economic, and social condition of India to-day. He speaks with the experience of twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service, having passed through most of the grades from Assistant-Magistrate to British Resident and Additional Member of the Governor-General's Council, and has served as Government Interpreter in several Oriental languages, and as Government Reporter on the Indian Press. Dealing in order of publication, we revert to "Over-Sea Britain."

It begins with a clear and concise history of the Empire's growth and of the several forms of government under which our Colonies live. The increasing value of England's Colonial trade is demonstrated and Imperial defence is discussed. Mr. Knight takes us through the Mediterranean to South Africa, then, travelling North from the Cape, through Rhodesia to West and East Africa and to Egypt. After that we cross to America.

The maps which illustrate it all are clear. The places we wish to find are salient and catch the eye. No better school-book exists for the young student of Empire; no better *aide-memoire* for any student.

Gibraltar's eventful history is dismissed shortly, but we are reminded that the origin of its name is Moorish. In the eighth century the Moorish Chief Tarik landed there, and made it the base for two invasions of Spain. Hence Djebel-el-Tarik, or Tarik's Hill.

The vicissitudes of African history are traced; how the coasts were occupied in turn by Egyptians, Phoenicians, and Carthaginians, how the Arabs were first to penetrate the interior, and how the Portuguese carried on the work of exploration under Prince Henry the Navigator and Bartholomew Diaz, until their work was crowned by Vasco da Gama, who discovered and rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and opened the ocean route to the East Indies. Then the Pope's line was drawn, and all Africa was ceded to Portugal, all America to Spain.

Holland was the first power to dispute Portugal's claims in Africa. Then Britain succeeded her; and from our occupation of the Cape of Good Hope we are brought in these pages to the partition of Africa by the Berlin Conference of 1884. Mr. Knight reminds us what we owe to Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, to Sir George Taubman Goldie in Nigeria, and to the British East Africa Company when that Conference took place. We then lost many tracts that our missionaries and traders had opened. But Rhodesia, Nigeria, and East Africa, right up to the Abyssinian frontier, and to the Sudan Nile Valley were preserved to the Empire by the enterprise and patriotism of individual citizens.

Each colony in turn is briefly surveyed and analysed. Population, Government, and defence, physical features and production, and their industries are brought home to us. And the vast extent of territory which our African colonies offer to our enterprise is pictorially mapped out.

And so we come to America—and the Pope's line again. America was ceded to Spain in the sixteenth century in virtue of the discoveries of Columbus. But France and England disputed the freehold and free hand so granted. England established herself in the eastern Provinces of America. France had been before her in the Canadas and extended her borders down the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, barring British expansion west. War between England and France in America was the healthy permanent condition in which the colonists lived until the eventful day when Wolfe gave Quebec and the Canadas to Britain at the cost of his life, and the gallant Montcalm paid the same price to France for their loss. By the irony of fate, twenty years later, by the Treaty of Paris, England lost all to the United States, except the very Canadian Dominion from which she had ousted France. Then follows a moving history of the welding together of

two great races of colonists—French and British—driven, too, into one another's arms by American hostility. Canada is described as South Africa has been, and we are reminded that British possessions in North America are of greater area than are the United States. We are shown the enormous possibilities of the Dominion, and the enterprise which is being expended in developing them. The West Indies and our South American Colonies are not neglected, and then Mr. Knight leaves us, much regretting the parting, but hoping that he will soon give us the second volume which he has promised.

So now again we take up the thread of Empire in "The Real India." Mr. Rees adopts a very similar path of introduction to Mr. Knight's. He gives us a sketch of Indian dynastic history from the stone age to the Mogul Empire—to the rule of John Company (terminated by the Mutiny)—and shortly describes the rule of successive Viceroy under the Crown until Lord Curzon's administration, which is given some space. Lord Curzon's chief energies were devoted to education, foreign policy, and the partition of certain provinces; but his long career of usefulness was cut short in an unhappy difference with the Commander-in-Chief over Army organisation, and he resigned. And then, by some extraordinary perversion of judgment, the Secretary of State published to India and to the world the wrangle that had taken place between a great Viceroy and a great soldier. Mr. Rees is an ardent advocate of a strong and efficient Army, and applauds Lord Kitchener's organisation, which places military units in the brigades and divisions in which they will have to fight, and which has just been proved with such good results in the Zakka Khel expedition, and which is being now tested again in the Mohmand country. An account is given of the land system, and we learn how much easier is the lot of the cultivator to-day in British India than it was under any former Government, or than it now is in any of the native States.

The measures for famine prevention (rather than famine relief) are given appreciative consideration, and the contrast is shown between the sufferings from famine to-day and the awful scourge which failure of crops constituted in olden times, producing even cannibalism and leaving villages the prey of wild beasts. An exhaustive account is given of the system of government and of the administration of justice, by which we are reminded that a large proportion of offices are in native hands, while the bench is to a great extent occupied by native Judges. Passing to finance and revenue, a happy tale of progress is told. Taking only the railway as one indication of prosperity, between 1876 and 1881 there was an average net loss of 120 lakhs of rupees, between 1899 and 1905 an average net gain of 111 lakhs.

Mr. Rees gives us an illustrative sketch of Russia's position on the north-western frontier. He quotes figures from Mr. David Fraser's "Marches of Hindustan" to show that Russia could maintain an army 400,000 strong on the Afghan frontier, but he holds that the position in Persia merits attention rather than in Afghanistan.

And then we have unrolled before us the present unrest in India. *Bande mataram* is translated *Hail Motherland*. But Mr. Rees will have it otherwise: *Hail Mother, Mother Kali*—the goddess of death and destruction. The cry *Svadeshi*, "Our Country," under which British trade goods are being boycotted, is giving place to the more threatening cry *Svaraj*=self-government, which means independence. The Bengali Babu, the chief agitator, would rid India of all signs of British rule except the British Army, without the support of which the Bengali would be swept in a week from the places he proposes to fill by the fighting races of the North, who will have none of him. The chief causes to which Mr. Rees attributes present unrest are—1. Education; 2. Publication of the Curzon Kitchener controversy; 3. English political agitation.

1. Education as now established:

Is purely secular, and all the natives, except those who are

themselves the product of the system, unite in condemning the results.

Herbert Spencer is the idol of the Indian graduates, who too often are without any sense of duty to parents or to the State, and almost all of them have forsaken the religion of their fathers.

2. Then for the controversy :

The Viceroy, hitherto regarded as the all-powerful agent of a Sovereign ruling by Divine right, had engaged in a pitched battle with the Commander-in-Chief and had been beaten !

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

3. The untimely and loud-spoken support of Indian nationalism (which does not exist) by Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry Colton, Mr. Keir Hardie, and others have made confusion worse confounded, and have added danger to the ever-present difficulties of their fellow-countrymen in India.

Mr. Rees makes an appeal for a level head in dealing with India. We must make up our minds that India cannot be governed on democratic principles :

We must avoid like the plague, than which it is no less disastrous, the introduction into India of our party politics.

We rejoice to think that there is behind Lord Morley, who is so bravely upholding British rule in India, a statesman so sagacious, sympathetic, and Imperial-minded as is the author of *The Real India*.

NATURE-BOOKS

From a Hertfordshire Cottage. By W. BEACH THOMAS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

The Peacock's Pleasaunce. By "E. V. B." (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE vogue of Nature-books seems not to abate in the least. The first of those named above is full of an open delight in earth's tiny miracles and large wonders, full of close observation, full of good English marred only here and there by lapses into regrettable slang. We remember reading some of Mr. Beach Thomas's papers a few years since in the pages of a contemporary, and collected they make an interesting volume. He has the advantage of an intimate knowledge of many marvels of field, garden, and hedge ; he is modest in his claims and purpose ; he understands well and loves well. He is to be thanked for his frequent quotations—always apt and seldom trite—especially for his acknowledgment of that strangely-neglected lover of Nature and singer of her beauty, Lord de Tabley. Here and there we have discovered repetitions due to careless editing of scattered articles ; but the articles, on the whole, were well worth collecting, and we have found them well worth re-reading.

The second book is different in style, vague in aim, and somewhat difficult to review. The initials "E. V. B." are by this time familiar to many readers, and carry a certain commendation of the books in which they appear. The title has little to do with the contents, save for the introductory chapter, and that chapter itself is vague and unconsidered. In a sense it is a Nature-book, but Nature is not first in the author's mind. She loves better, we fancy, to write beautiful phrases about natural things than to use those things directly and clearly. Hers is a discursive, opulent manner of speech, which would once have been called exotic ; and reading her, one is teased by the suspicion that this elaboration of coloured words exists primarily for its own sake, not to provide any urgent expression of quick love. One misses, in short, just that touch of personal sincerity and spontaneous feeling which, surely, they must have who would write of Nature, whether directly of her means and aims, or—as is rather the way of "E. V. B."—in indirect tribute and oblique homage. One misses precisely that sharp ardour which would make all defects petty and of none account. We regret this, because her gifts are obvious—a single piper, "Pharoma," is proof—and if her patience and passiveness in the secret presence were as great, if she would but wait for the spark from heaven to fall, and write

only from a fine, free impulse, she might produce the book which her present one does no more than help us to expect. As a rule we do not like to cavil at a book because it is not something else, but "E. V. B." has not, we believe, given us of her best. She does not seem to have made up her mind what sort of book she wanted, and this uncertainty is apt to be irritating to the reader once he is aware of it. For a minor cavil we should like, with great boldness, to mention the author's irrational little complaint against new houses built where was none before, which is in rather solemn contrast to the succeeding description of an aristocratic tea-party, where everything was infallibly correct and irreproachably fastidious. Every reviewer who is not a Duke will find this contrast a little trying.

To write a really valuable book of direct observation, such as Mr. Beach Thomas attempts, or of imaginative impressions, as "E. V. B." apparently attempts, requires powers which neither writer possesses in adequate degree. To the faculty of close observation must be added a gift of imaginative perception ; and for imaginative impressions must be found a firm basis of direct observation. It is no great dispraise to say that both authors fall short of "what might be," but the failure is more marked and damaging in the case of "The Peacock's Pleasaunce," where the aim is more ambitious and difficult. Let us have done, however, with this awkward tandem business ! It is only because we are trying these books by a somewhat exacting standard that we find them inadequate or ineffective. Mr. Beach Thomas is indiscreet enough to make frequent reference to the writings of Mr. W. K. Hudson, frequent acknowledgment of his fine work, thus reminding us, though we are in small danger of forgetting, of books which we especially love. Mr. Hudson has combined these essentials of observation and imagination in a rare degree of perfection, as has (for another instance) Maeterlinck in "The Life of the Bee." True to the kindred points of heaven and home, Mr. Hudson has united something of the poet with something of the naturalist—only making us regret that poet and naturalist were ever severed. He is the only writer we in our poor experience have met who may claim the mantle of Richard Jefferies, having above Jefferies' great gifts a singular power and charm of style.

The writer of Nature-books has a most fortunate opportunity. Let his volume be but barely readable, it will—with a little judicious notice—become promptly popular. He has the security that, with a common amount of modesty, cunning, watchful exactitude, and a style now and then faultlessly grammatical, he can hardly be guilty of a very bad book ; his subject saves him. He starts with a charm that is not his own ; his mere theme recalls an interest—sometimes a deep, dumb passion—which even his grossest blunders, his serenest errors of taste and judgment, will hardly defeat. Townspeople who see a green field or wave for but two weeks of the year and babble of it for the other fifty will read his pages with confessed delight. Let the author talk of the "four things which are little upon the earth, but exceeding wise," and straightway they, the little people of the cities, will devour his words. Let him tell of "wild animals at home," and they will gain from his pages a zest more keen for tricks of performing seals at the Alhambra. Save for the slight drawback of a sedulous, lifelong ignorance, we think we ourselves could write a Nature-book that would achieve a quite respectable success—from the publisher's point of view. But for that harder task (which "E. V. B." has essayed) of rendering impressions and creating an atmosphere—for that remoter quest of evoking the spirit of flowers, trees, seas, and of ordering in the chambers of the mind the subtle pageant of the year—for this a larger power and more exquisite intimacy is needed. Nature looms up around us—near, real, inscrutable ; her passion astonishes, teases, thwarts. It is much if a feature be glimpsed, a look caught, a mood communicated ; for which how humble a service, how patient a vigil, how simple and severe a rectitude are needed ! For she, the creature of God, will not reveal herself save to a heart of childlike integrity and saint-like passiveness.

THE VANITIES OF FATHER VAUGHAN

NONCONFORMITY formerly possessed its Dr. Parker. He was no mean orator. He had pulpit parts, in fact, and he could dazzle and excite the congregations which sat under him in a manner which filled the rest of the Nonconformist preachers of this world with sheer envy. We have heard Dr. Parker whisper in the City Temple of a small boy who begged the loan of a ladder in order that he might "pull down some stars for Dr. Parker." The worthy Doctor was never a man who could rest content with mere bouquets. He wanted the stars—in a measure he got them. He lived on rhetoric of the glittering sort, and he lived comfortably on it. There was nothing behind him but the simplest piety; he had no intellect and no ambitions for the world, no pains for mankind, no agonies or bloody sweats; nothing but shining rhetoric and simple piety. These qualifications raised him above Spurgeon and raised him even above Henry Ward Beecher. He became the classic pulpiteer of Nonconformity, and it is in this figure that he will be remembered. We believe that during the greater part of Dr. Parker's pastorate the congregation of the City Temple went the length of confusing his preaching with religion. They found in that carefully calculated voice and that profound manner and that unblushing egotism the same sort of definite delight that the old lady is said to have extracted from the blessed word Mesopotamia; they never wanted for spiritual food so long as Dr. Parker might periodically appear before them, and they were uplifted and kept sweetly going accordingly. The City Temple developed into one of the religious show-places of London. Nonconformity up from the country on a metropolitan jaunt visited the British Museum and Madame Tussaud's on week-days and went "to hear Dr. Parker" on Sundays. Such was his fame that curates and occasional dignitaries of the proper Church did him the honour of more or less surreptitious auditory. The which stray lambs invariably went away marvelling. Some of them, no doubt, discerned exactly to what Dr. Parker amounted; others of them did not. It was all great business, and we were either the better or the worse for it, as the case may have been. After Dr. Parker, of course, there succeeded the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who, despite his thirst for *Daily Mirror* publicity, is a different and more sorrowing pair of horses. And betwixt and between whiles, as it were, we have been vouchsafed the Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan. For the past couple of years or so Father Vaughan has passed for a portent and a show. He belongs to a faith which has not been addicted greatly to oratory in this country for many a long day. He is what the vulgar call a Roman Catholic, and what the enlightened call a Papist. Whatever mandate he may possess comes out of Rome. He is the brother of a deceased Cardinal. It is necessary that we should remind ourselves of these facts, and particularly of the fact that the English labourers in the Papal vineyard differ hugely from the labourers in the Nonconformist vineyard in that, as a rule, they are silent, prayerful persons rather than shouters or sensation-mongers. General Booth, we believe, is credited with the remark that he did not see why the devil should monopolise all the best tunes. Hence has the "General" permitted his followers to sing holy hymns to fairly ribald airs, which, as we all know, they do with marked zest and gusto. Something of this nature would appear to have happened in the mind of Father Vaughan. He has observed—as many another good priest has observed—that the preachers of "damnable heresy"—particularly Dr. Parker and the Rev. R. J. Campbell—might kick up considerable dust by the exercise of gifts which are more commonly brought into play by politicians and quack doctors than by godly men. And he has chosen—probably from the highest motives—to adopt the more striking of their methods. In the beginning he perceived that there was an affair called Society, and that this Society was peculiarly and dreadfully sinful. It did not love its neighbour as it

should; it did not cleave to its wife or its husband as it should; it loaded itself with expensive food and fizzy wines; it blazed in ill-gotten jewels; it gambled quite dreadfully; it lived in palaces and kept fat and brazen servitors; it whirled about fiercely in motor-cars; it read footle and hanged foolishness on its walls; and it bought layettes and patent-leather shoes for its little pet dogs. We expect that when Father Vaughan began to lay his malacca cane across the wicked white shoulders of this entity he looked for screams. He made sure, doubtless, that Society would up and make a martyr of him; instead of which Society went to Farm Street in solemn troops and was moved out of its Sunday *ennui* into polite and decorous grins. The hubbub and the sensation has not been for Society. There are no weals on its fair back, and there is no contrition in its abounding heart. It bibs at its crystal cup and cleans up its golden platter with the same delicate avidity as of yore. It is no more afraid of the "scathing denunciations" of Father Vaughan than it is afraid of the withering shilling indictments of "Rita" or the equally withering six-shilling indictments of Miss Marie Corelli. The mission of Father Vaughan to the West End of London has been just as free from spiritual effect as was the mission of Messrs. Alexander and Torrey to the same libidinous quarter. Out of it, however, Father Vaughan emanates a much-talked-of, much-paraphrased, much-photographed simple priest. He has reaped the reward that sensationalism brings a man—that is to say, he has done nothing and nobody, save himself, the smallest service. We do not imagine that the Reverend Father anticipated such a turn of events when he set out on his crusade, though there are a thousand wise heads and sound hearts in the service of Rome who could have told him exactly what would happen had he taken the precaution to confide in them before he started. It is not in the least to his discredit to say that he now stands a defeated and highly popular missionary. Society hangs on his slightest word, it is true; so does the *Daily Mail*. When he speaks, Society prepares to be agreeably thrilled, and luxuriates for a Sunday afternoon in the pleasing knowledge that it is fundamentally human, and that the people who say it has no heart and is a mere thing of fashion and convention are liars. The *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, and the balance of the "scoop" journals treat Father Vaughan to the paragraphs of eminence, and do their best to assist him to the conviction that he is a great cleric. The category of the sins of Society being limited practically to the seven deadly sins—which, when you come to think of it, afflict all humanity—the Reverend Father has speedily got to the end of them, and he is come, therefore, into the position of a person with a flail when the threshing is over and done. In other words, he is gravelled for matter. So that he has been compelled, for his reputation's sake, to seek adventure in fresh woods. Last week he appeared before an audience hand-in-hand with Mr. Tommy Burns, the pugilist, and was photographed side by side with that worthy—both gentlemen, by the way, being at the time clothed in the innocent habiliments of their respective professions. Mr. Burns, it should be mentioned, is a "staunch Catholic," and came into Father Vaughan's company as the result of an "exhibition bout" given in aid of a Catholic institution by Mr. Burns and a Mr. O'Keefe. It is not for us to asperse either Mr. Burns or the Catholic institution in question on this account. Mr. Burns has a good right to be a "staunch Catholic" if he wishes to, and the Catholic institution in aid of which he so generously knocked Mr. O'Keefe round the ring is probably in need of money. Mr. Burns's spiritual advisers know better what to say to him than we do. And we humbly trust that Father Vaughan's spiritual advisers are in the like case. But if there be praise or blame in the matter, that praise or blame should be extended to Father Vaughan; for when the shepherd approves surely the sheep who may have broken through are not specially wicked. On another recent exploit of Father Vaughan's, however, we shall venture to throw a trifle of reproofful light. We understand that the Reverend Father's latest charge against the upper classes is that they

refrain from becoming the parents of large families. Father Vaughan is of opinion that this is most sinful of them. For our own part we shall not be casuistical on the point, contenting ourselves rather with immediate reference to our much-neglected Peerage and Baronetage "corrected by the nobility." If the nobility does not know how many children it has then nobody else does. And what do we find? From the top, in the persons of their most gracious Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra (whom God preserve), downwards, the tale is a tale of full quivers, and many of them running over. "No issue" is, in fact, the most dolorous of circumstances the nobility can record about themselves, and, to do them justice, they appear to take singular pains to prevent any such record being registered against them. The noble family without a direct heir is practically a house in mourning. And to make sure on the point, nine times out of ten it provides for itself a second string and even a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth strings with plenty of Hon. Muriels, Olives, Bettys, and so forth, to give tone to the proceedings. The bewildering and gratifying multiplicity of the Royal House is known and appreciated by all of us, and turn where you will among the baser sort, such as dukes, earls, marquesses, and plain barons, you will find entries of issue running to five or six by one marriage, and ten or more where, as is not uncommon, there have been two marriages. Here is the Marquess of Abergavenny, for example, with nine children, the elder a son. Viscount Boyne is down for a baker's dozen; Lord Brassey for five; Lord Ellesmere for eight; the Duke of Buccleuch for eight, and Earl Cadogan for eight. These are instances taken at random. There are hundreds of others, if Father Vaughan cares to look them up. We have no desire to moralise, neither do we wish to be rude, but we venture to think that Father Vaughan would be wise if he went back into himself and his Church. The world cannot be saved by the kind of oratory which moves people to discussion at the Savoy Hotel and sets the *Daily Mirror* photographers dogging the orator's footsteps. If the Church of Rome had need for the good offices of such orators she could turn a thousand of them loose upon England to-morrow. But she is a wise Church, and she holds them back.

X.

THE IDEAS OF COVENTRY PATMORE

AN admirable article upon Coventry Patmore, by Mr. Percy Lubbock, in the current *Quarterly Review* leaves but few features unnoticed; but there is one marked and singular characteristic of Patmore's poetry which he does not appear fully to have apprehended—its unique spiritual intimacy. There are poets, such as Keats and Meredith (to name two at random), whose felicity it is to dwell in close and constant communion with the spirit of earth, for whom earth is more than a beauty, a visible thing, a nourisher of men. Meredith, indeed, is aware of a sentient, almost a personal, spirit discovered in flowers and clouds and hard weather. He has the gift of an unusual intimacy, not merely with her readable signs and moods, but with the inward significance of these, so that earth becomes the soul of his faith, the consolation of dark days, the luminous centre of his hope for the future.

Such a constant attitude of communion is rare even in poets. Patmore's poetry reveals it, an intimacy even exceeding Meredith's in intensity, as its object is far different. His chief communion is with holiest of sacred things. His earlier poems, "The Angel in the House" and "The Victories of Love," are concerned with the office and prerogative of woman, the sacredness of love, and the initiation, by marriage, into the secret of a deeper and life-long companionship of soul. Illicit fervours are not within his contemplation, even not within his imagination. He sings of love the farthest removed from coldness and constraint, but wearing a white radiance beyond earth's common glow. He sings of those:

Who taste, in Nature's common food,
Nothing but spiritual joy;

and for whom mutual love is a part of pure religion. He sings of a "glittering peace," and the wonderful preludes of "The Angel in the House" throb with a passionate, calm purity from which earth's grossness has been sharply winnowed.

In form and power there is a gulf between these poems and the great Odes, but the latter are the imperative utterance of the same ardent, worshipping spirit. The union contemplated, however, is more difficult, austere, solemn—the union of the soul with God. In the indissoluble and perfect marriage of man with woman he sees foreshadowings—as expressed in the Ode "Sponsa Dei"—of the greater and infinite union:

What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,
Not thou, but God?

To this high doctrine most of the Odes are tributary. The idea of marriage has for Patmore a universal significance; it is an ever-present metaphor through which the world unfolds itself to him. He hears Psyche cry to Eros:

The whole of life is womanhood to thee,
Momentally wedded with enormous bliss.

He sees Spring as the marriage of all things. And with this idea of union so daringly conceived in terms of the loftiest human relationship Patmore has involved, somewhat obscurely, the idea of spiritual virginity, passing over this most delicate ground with an unprofaning simplicity. In one Ode he calls to Love's festival, "in the glad Palace of Virginity:"

Young Lover true, and love-foreboding Maid,
And wedded Spouse, if virginal of thought.

He bids:

Gaze without blame
Ye in whom living Love yet blushes for dead shame. . . .
Gaze without doubt or fear
Ye to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear.

And he ends on a characteristic cry:

Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity;
For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how named soe'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct,
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens:
And who Him love, in potency great or small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal.

There is an aspiring boldness in Patmore's attitude which may offend some. Those for whom the Ineffable Name is a threat, and whose worship is but meant for propitiation and appeasement, cannot apprehend the ardent purity of such an imaginative devotion. And those for whom marriage—far from being, as to Patmore, a prolonged spiritual communion—is but a base precautionary expedient, and its sacrament an antique mummary, will not understand the enormous significance intended by Patmore in his translation of the idea into purely spiritual regions. Neither will those to whom the flesh is utterly anathema understand how this austere mystic, notwithstanding his studies in those earlier saintly writers who too regarded the physical as chief foe of the spiritual and ready weapon of the devil, should hymn the cunning body as:

Creation's and Creator's crowning good
Little sequester'd pleasure house
For God, and for his Spouse.

For the development of his special doctrines (for doctrines they may properly be called) he owed something doubtless to those studies of the saints. His prose essays, as well as his later poems, are touched with their beautiful fire; meditation upon their lives and memory has exalted his thought, purged it of earthliness, removed him from the

grosser, darker contact. (And farther, I may here remark, passing for a moment beyond the intention of this article, to that high companionship is to be ascribed something of the personal arrogance which must always be an offence to men mumbling contentedly upon the lower slopes. There seems to have grown in him a rather exorbitant impatience of mortal errancy, a keen and painful sense of the "multiplying villanies of Nature," explicit in many of his writings in prose and verse. But it is to be remembered that such an arrogance may be neighbour to—nay, cloak of, humility, being hardly more than an impassioned and indignant rectitude.) Certain of the poems are most fitly to be read after a chapter of à Kempis or St. Francis of Sales; while others form an incidental commentary upon the most marvellous passages of St. Augustine's "Confessions"—that one, for example, beginning, "What do I love when I love thee?" or that of the Saint's holy meditation with his mother, a few days before her death, upon the soul's absorption in God; or those exalted sentences from the last pages:

Nor in all these which I run over consulting Thee [*i.e.*, the senses, memory, external things] can I find any safe place for my soul, but in Thee; whither my scattered members may be gathered, and nothing of me depart from Thee. And sometimes Thou admiest me to an affection, very unusual, in my inmost soul; rising to a strange sweetness, which if it were perfected in me, I know not what in it would not belong to the life to come.

Mr. Gosse has referred to Patmore's admiration of the poems of St. John of the Cross, and his familiarity with St. Teresa's "Road to Perfection;" but he points out, what it is right to remember, that "Patmore's own line in the evolution of the sex-metaphor had long been taken" before he was acquainted with the Spanish mystic. His study of St. Teresa was of earlier date, and in passing I may say that it seems somewhat remarkable that he should have known but little of the poet who ennobled his song with the inspiration of her name, and was himself Patmore's precursor in both the form and spirit of his verse—Richard Crashaw. But whatever Patmore owed to his meditations upon the Saints (whom he rightly regarded as essentially poets), his later Odes which chiefly remind us of them do but unfold, as has already been said, the conceptions of the earlier amorous "Angel in the House," extending their application from human relationships to divine.

Nor, to differ a little from the *Quarterly* Reviewer, does it appear that Patmore's mystical inspiration was due to his conversion; he was always a mystic at heart. And that conversion, again, was surely, from Patmore's nature, an inevitable step. There is a common notion that a poet is likely to be wooed and won by the ritual of the Roman Church, but of any such influence there is no trace in Patmore's poetry. I am reminded in this connection of the names of two great English prose writers, Pater and Newman. The author of "Marius the Epicurean" was indeed strongly attracted, I believe, by this noble feature of the ancient worship, but did not "go over;" while Newman did, yet not at all for that persuasion. Nevertheless, while the commonly-supposed impulse was, apparently, entirely inoperative in Patmore's case, there can be no doubt that the step itself—coincident as it was with a period of intellectual ripening, or white-heat—was of profound importance to his work. It brought a dewfall to the leaf and rain to the roots. If the only fruit had been the Ode "The Child's Purchase," in which he dedicates himself, in verse thrilled with his most intimate convictions, instinct with his profound mysticism, to the service of the Blessed Virgin, we should have been indebted to his conversion for one of the noblest of the few truly religious poems in our tongue:

Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the Time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within my heart!
But, lo!
Thee to admire is all the art I know.
My Mother and God's; Fountain of Miracle!

Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell
In such a Song
As may my Guide severe and glad not wrong,
Who never spake till thou'dst on him conferr'd
The right, convincing word!
Grant me the steady heat
Of thought, wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!

Doubtless they are but few who possess at once the religious purity (the spiritual virginity of Patmore's favourite theme) and the poetic intensity which are equally necessary to a proper apprehension of the full significance and value of these mystic Odes. They are, indeed, poetry for poets, and Patmore himself had misgivings as to the wisdom of uttering secrets in the common ear. Mr. Gosse has told of the poet's sudden, irremediable destruction, in manuscript, of "Sponsa Dei," not the Ode of that title, but a little prose work in which is interpreted more precisely

The love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man; it was, indeed, a transcendental treatise on Divine desire seen through the veil of human desire.

Patmore destroyed it because the world was not ready. All that remains of the book is the vague memory of it in the minds of those few of his friends whose privilege it was to see it or hear it read. It is, of course, unavailing to speculate upon the value of the work, but the subject was one to which the poet had given profoundest meditation, and it would have been a kind of "golden book" of those lofty ideas of his which now appear but here and there in the "Unknown Eros"—intense Odes assuredly, but inevitably presenting Patmore's subtle "religious metaphysic" fragmentarily.

In this note I have, of necessity, avoided mention of the isolated poems of various inspiration, such as "Departure," "A Farewell," and "The Azalea," which alone are a secure title to an immortality of honour. Of these, and of the more purely literary qualities of Patmore's verse, I hope to write later on.

JOHN FREEMAN.

"TARTAN"

THE etymology usually given of this most interesting word is one which no one who regards phonology can much respect. It is commonly said to be derived from the French *liretaine*, which Cotgrave explains as "linsie-wolsie, or a kind thereof, worn ordinarily by the French peasants." This is in itself a word of very doubtful origin, and if it have any relation with *lartan* it can only be because it is a corrupt form from the same original, which perhaps may be admitted as being just possible. That it cannot have originated our English word is plain from the following consideration—viz., that, although the spellings of *lartan* are numerous, the former syllable never by any chance contains an *i*. The English word can, of course, begin either with *ler* or *lar* (compare *clerk* with *Clark*), but with *lir* never.

I can see but one possible source for it, and that is the country named Tatar, usually spelt Tartary, not only at present, but in the Middle Ages. Perhaps our ancestors thought that the Tatars came out of Tartarus; indeed, there can hardly be a doubt upon this point, if the "Century Dictionary" correctly ascribes to St. Louis the saying—"Well may they be called Tartars, for their deed. are those of fiends from Tartarus." That Europeans regarded them with fear and horror is a mere matter of history.

Hence it was that, as Ducange shows, the Tatars were called Tartari and Tartarini. Allied to the latter form was Tartarinus, in Old French *Tartarin*, the name of a stuff supposed to be brought from Tartary or to be of Tartar work, though it may well have been really Chinese. It was a kind (or more than one kind) of cloth, originally of great value and embroidered with gold; sometimes it

was a precious kind of silk. It was of various colours—blue, red, purple, and even white or black. It is mentioned as red in 1388.

The word, being adjectival, took many forms, such as *Tartariscus*, *Tartaricus*, *Tartarinus*, *Tartenus*, *Tartara*; in French, *Tartarin*, *Tartarique*, *Tartaire*. A Tartary falcon was called in Old French *Tartaret* or *Tartarot*. Ducange does not give *Tartenus*, but it occurs in the "*Liber Custumarum*," p. 209, in the year 1302-3, in the phrase "*de pannis Tartenis*." And some of the forms can best be explained from a Latin *Tartanus*.

It is also highly probable that "the cloth of Tars" mentioned in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" is a stuff from the same source. The simplest explanation of this, and of the Old French *Tarse*, is to suppose that the stuff from Tartary, or Persia, or China (in the Middle Ages easily confused) reached us by way of Tarsus in Cilicia, being shipped thence by the traders to the Levant. Godefroy gives a quotation to show that certain ladies were clothed in silk, or *Tarse* or *cendal*: "*Bien vestues de soie, de Tarse, de cendal*."

The variation of *Tartarinus* to *Tartanus* is easily seen by inspection of the will of Lady Clare in 1355. In the Royal Wills, p. 30, is mention of "*un lit de noir tartaryn*;" and on the next page, "*un vestement de blank tartayn, raie d'or pur*." The variation from *Tartanus* to *Tartara* at once solves the otherwise insoluble puzzle presented in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary—viz., the variation in Scottish from *Tartan* to *Tartar*. He quotes from some inventories dated 1488:

Item, a covering of variand purpur *tartar*, browdin [embroidered] with thrissillis and a unicorne.

The earliest Scottish form (according to Jamieson) is *tartan*, in the accounts of John, Bishop of Glasgow, Treasurer of King James III., anno 1474:

Item, fra Will. of Rend, 7 Maii, and deliverit to Caldwell, halve ane elne of double *tartan*, to lyne riding-collars to the Queen, price 8s.

But Michel, in his "*Civilisation in Scotland*," says that "*double tartane*" is mentioned in the same accounts, anno 1471; i.e., three years earlier.

It will now be understood that the forms of the word are necessarily various. From the Latin *Tartara*, French *lartaire*, came the Scottish *tartar*. From a Latin *Tartanus* (not found, but a better by-form of *Tartenus*, and authorised by the Old French *tartayn*) came the Scottish and English *tartan*. From *tartarinus* (French *Tartarin*) came not only *tartarin*, *tartaryn*, but many others. I have met with *lertaryn*, *lartaron*, *lartren*, *lartourn*, *lartourne*, *larttron*, *larterne*, *lartyn*, and there is no particular reason against the possible reduction of such a form as *larterne* to a modern *tartan*, coinciding with the form from *Tartanus*. Another form was *lartarium*, occurring in stanza 31 of "*The Flower and the Leaf*." I have already explained this in my note to "*Piers Plowman*," text C. xvii., 299, but it will be interesting to many to repeat a part of it, with further comments.

Tartarium was, at first, a thin embroidered silk; it was particularly used for ornamental banners attached to trumpets, on which coats-of-arms were embroidered. In "*The Retrospective Review*," New Series, i. 110, is a note:

Item, iij Baners de Tartarin petitez, frapez des arm' du Roy et de St. Edward.

And the writer very neatly remarks that this at once explains the line in Henry V., iv., 2, 61:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste.

For such a banner already had a Royal coat-of-arms upon it, and so could be at once used instead of a standard; see Wright's note on the passage.

The chronicler Hall, describing the banners of Henry VII. after the battle of Bosworth, says:

The third was of yelow *larterne*, in the which was painted a donne kowe [i.e., a dun cow].

In his edition of "*Marco Polo*," i. 259, Colonel Yule, speaking of the cloths called *nakh* and *nasij*, says:

These stuffs, or such as these, were, I believe, what the medieval writers called Tartary cloth, not because they were made in Tartary, but because they were brought from China and its borders through the Tartar dominions. Dante alludes to the supposed skill of the Turks and Tartars in weaving gorgeous stuffs ("*Inferno*," xvii. 17); and see Mandeville's "*Travels*," pp. 175, 247, where "*clothes of Tartarye*" are mentioned.

At p. 252 of the same *Tartarine* means a Tartar, and at p. 255 we read of "*clothes of Gold and of Camakaas and Tartarynes*."

In the Cambridge Antiquarian Society's publications, No. XXII., p. 357, Vol. IV., we find mention of "*corteyns of grene tartren*," and of "*aulter clothes of grene tartren*"—both in 1453.

In the "*Cambridge Churchwardens' Accounts*," ed. Foster, we find at p. 7 "*blewe lartourne*," in 1504; and at p. 13, "*blew lartourn*," in 1511.

It would not be difficult to add largely to the quotations above, and to adduce many illustrative comments from various authors. I have only indicated the nature of the argument for the etymology here proposed.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

FOR two centuries there has been almost a conspiracy of dispraise for Cowley, broken only by a few whimsical fellows who were somehow born sons of Abraham, and knew it, and acknowledged themselves, also, as sons by adoption. But it requires a certain courage to love Cowley, except as an essayist, and even Dr. Lumby allowed folk to love him there. But when Addison, Johnson, and a host of critics have cursed, it is well to remember that Charles Lamb found him exquisite and delicious. After all, has not the message of simplicity and nature been too exclusively preached? May one not plead for Art too, and the elaborate? The seventeenth century, with its lace and tapestry, with Parkinson's *parterres* and *auriculas*, Vandyck, Orlando Gibbons, Inigo Jones knew something of *τὸ καλόν*, and to the stately gentlemen of his age Cowley was among the eternal. George Villiers called him the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of the English; Milton placed him with Spenser and Shakespeare. Wood calls him the greatest ornament of our nation; Evelyn, the best of poets; and Charles II. lamented that he had left no better in England. On the other hand, as we know, Pope asked who now read him. Addison said that "*the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of his imagination; you find a new design in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing one of them executed*." Dr. Johnson will not even allow poor Abraham wit. He calls that wit which is at once natural and new; that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; that which he that never found it wonders how he missed—and then says of Donne and Cowley:

Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just, and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found."

Mr. T. H. Ward, in 1880, cried that even our curious age could not reprint him, and that Dryden absorbed all that was best in Cowley. The last has been handsomely answered eight times by the publishers, and, if the former critics seem conclusive, we may reply to them in short. To Pope we may mention Cowper, Gray, Burns, Collins, Shelley, Wordsworth, and innumerable poets since. To Addison we may quote Cowley himself, from his ode on Liberty:

So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcass he devour
That's fallen into its power.

To Dr. Johnson we may plead that the dictator proves

too much. Which of us, when we see an old Court lappet, or the west front of Wells, or some fine jewel-work, could fail to wonder not that we had missed it, but at the ingenuity which discovered it? All highly-wrought work is destroyed by such iconoclasm. But very much of Cowley is simple to severity. Could any one put more plainly the relation of reason to faith?

Though Reason cannot through Faith's Myst'ries see
It sees that there and such they be ;
Leads to Heav'n's Door and there does humbly keep,
And there through Chinks and Key-holes peep.
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come in to th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

There is a deal of supercilious nonsense talked about conceits, but who can dislike such lines as those which describe the last trumpet sounding?

To the long sluggards of five thousand years ;
or describe Elijah as

The second man who leapt the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall.

Dr. Johnson carps at Cowley's dressing of the angels ; but Milton never clothed his angels better than St. Michael is suited when

O'er his shining Form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackest Fleece of Night,
And close wrought to keep in the powerful Light,
Yet wrought so fine it hindred not his Flight.

A sentence of Cowley, or even a line, brings up all Horace at his best. Did *Quem tu Melpomene* say more than this?

When once such Fairies dance no grass doth ever grow.

Or has modern science ever defended herself better than in the Ode to the Royal Society which Evelyn bespoke : "the noblest argument from the best of poets"?

We would be like the Deitie
When Truth and Falsehood, Good and Evil, we
Without the senses aid within ourselves would see ;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

The love poems have been the peculiar butt of the critics. They say that Abraham was more in love with love than with ladies. They disdain the old livery of flames, hearts, and arrows, as if the foaming, biting, and throbbing of the Swinburnians were somehow preferable. They will have no humorous love-making, all must be as heavy as a Dissenting prayer-meeting :

Him who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the Man loves always all ?

The true Cowleian neither disdains the Platonic realism, nor the fine old stage properties, nor the smiling hyperboles of "The Mistress." He enjoys "My Picture" quite as much as the Browning Society affects the epilogue to "Fifine." The picture, enlivened by her presence, was to gain the vitality the banished poet lost :

My Rival-Image will be then thought blest
And laugh at me as dispossess ;
But Thou, who (if I know thee right)
I th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for Me
Who then shall but my Pictures Picture be.

The Cambridge University Press certainly did well to republish Cowley.

C. L. MARSON.

COUNSEL FOR THE CLAIMANT

It is a singular fact that the misfortunes of the individual should bring in their train misfortune to his fellows. In other words, a one-man tragedy is an impossibility. Whether the stout gentleman, who was known thirty years ago throughout the length and breadth of England as the Claimant, happened to be an unfortunate and badly-used baronet or the most impudent and cunning of

impostors, is not for us to say. After litigation extending over several years Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and a jury came to conclusions about him which resulted in his being sentenced to a severe spell of penal servitude, and as the English law is believed to be well-nigh infallible, we must suppose that the man who called himself Sir Roger Tichborne was not Sir Roger Tichborne at all, but some other person. Whoever he may have been, he fought his fight and suffered his punishment or martyrdom, and went the way of all flesh with his real secret undiscovered of mankind. In the latter part of his struggle with the mighty—that is to say, when it was no longer a question of fighting for what he was pleased to call his estates, but for his personal liberty, he took to himself the services of one Edward Vaughan Kenealy, ~~who, because of the connection, became quite as famous~~ or notorious as himself. Dr. Kenealy* was an Irishman and a barrister. He defended the Claimant at his trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, and his speech for the defence took up a matter of nearly fifty days :

Even in that length of time, he says, I did not attempt to unriddle the thousand and one enigmas to be found in the career of the Defendant. The Claimant himself is the greatest enigma the world ever saw. If he is Tichborne it is a mystery of mysteries how he could have committed the wonderful follies of which he was guilty. If he is not Tichborne, it is, and ever will continue to be, a wonder of the world how he could have persuaded noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, priests, Carabineers (consisting of some of the finest soldiers in the world), nearly all the old tenants of the Tichborne estates, and lastly, Lady Tichborne, one of the keenest, cleverest, and most suspicious of women, that he was no other than the long-lost Roger, the long-absent son who had been missing for so many weary years. A hundred doubts at this moment crowd my mind, which it would take a hundred hours to answer. A hundred proofs, on the other hand, are before me which go to show that no other living man but Roger could have presented such evidences as did he. If the Claimant be an impostor—be Orton—he most thoroughly deceived his counsel, for in my mind I need not tell you there is no doubt that he is the genuine man. I have done all that I could in my case to ascertain how the truth lay. It is possible I may have been deceived, but when doubt rushes over my mind I say to myself, "He could have deceived, but no man born of woman could deceive a mother into the belief that he was her son, more especially if he were the low-bred, brutal ruffian this gentleman is pretended to have been." That mother lived with him for over a year ; she allowed him out of her own narrow income the allowance she gave to her second son, Alfred, one whom she dearly loved, and for whose infant son there was a treasury of affection in her heart second only to that which she bore to Roger.

This opinion—namely, that the Claimant was Sir Roger Tichborne—Dr. Kenealy held till his dying day. It is set forward in the volume before us by his daughter, Miss Arabella Kenealy, presumably as his testament on the subject, and there it is. Apart from his association with Orton or Tichborne, Dr. Kenealy appears to have been an ordinary come-day go-day practitioner at the Queen's Bench, capable and assiduous as such men are, and not without prospect of advancement in his profession. Indeed his daughter assures us that it was understood that he would rise to the Chief Justiceship. Like many another lawyer, he had a taste for letters ; his reading was extensive, he rhymed somewhat, and considered himself a critic, and he appears to have been addicted to the unlaywerlike hobby of composing voluminous theological works. Practically we have said here all that needs to be said about him. It was the Tichborne case that brought him into prominence, and it was the Tichborne case that ruined him. For the powers that be were not content merely to send "Orton" broken and dishonoured to penal servitude ; they were determined to get even also with his principal adviser and henchman. That Dr. Kenealy showed at times a disposition to be over-zealous in the cause of his client, and that he frequently brought himself into heated collision with well-meaning persons whom he believed to be his client's enemies, cannot be gainsaid. No really

* *Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy.* By his Daughter, ARABELLA KENEALY. (John Long, 16s. net.)

competent counsel placed as Dr. Kenealy was placed and believing as Dr. Kenealy believed could have done otherwise. The Court cast an angry eye on him, as Courts will when you ruffle them, and it failed to forgive and forget as Courts should in the circumstances. The result of it all was that it seemed desirable to those in authority to procure Dr. Kenealy's disbarment. Against such an indignity and such a closing of his career he fought with what skill he might; and, though he did not lack friends in high quarters, the feeling of the hour was too strong for him and he was ejected from the community of the Bar. One of the charges brought against him, if you please, was "that after the verdict you shook hands with the convict," which very human and decent proceeding appears to have been construed as a sort of contempt of Court. What this disbarment really amounted to is indicated by a letter which was sent to Dr. Kenealy by a Mr. James Wishaw, one of the Benchers of Gray's Inn. Mr. Wishaw wrote as follows:

Eastbourne.

Sir,—I am on my deathbed, and in all probability before many days have passed I shall be in the presence of God Who made me, and to Whom I shall have to render an account of the good or evil I have done in my past life. It will be a relief to my mind to ask your forgiveness for one of the worst acts that now presses on me, and which I helped to accomplish. I mean your professional ruin and your expulsion from the Bar and the Gray's Inn Bench. I feel now most strongly the cruel injustice of this act, and my conscience would be lightened of a heavy load if I could only feel sure that I leave this world with your pardon for an act which I have regretted. But never until now, when my time on earth is short, did I feel how deeply I had sinned in giving way to the will of others *against my own conscience*.

I send these lines written with a hand that trembles and from a heart that feels the solemnity of my present condition, and once more before I close I ask you and Mrs. Kenealy to forgive me for not protesting against the crime that was committed by the Chancellor and the Gray's Inn Benchers.—Yours sincerely,

JAMES WISHAW.

Surely here was the unimaginable touch of time putting things right with a vengeance. But the receipt of such a letter, while it gave Dr. Kenealy an opportunity for forgiveness—an opportunity of which he immediately availed himself, did not bring back to him his lost career.

For the rest these Memoirs have a quiet interest of their own, and are well worth reading. They are interspersed with plenty of anecdote, much of it new, and all of it good. From time to time too, we get pieces of writing by the Doctor himself which, if not of the highest literary merit, are quite startlingly refreshing in their way. On p. 212, for example, we find a set of verses entitled "Advice to a Judge." They begin in this wise:

When on the regal seat of Justice throned,
Bear this in mind: thou hast not been advanced
Beyond thy fellows to give loose to temper,
Or prove thyself capricious, weak or spiteful,
But to administer the law with truth,
And to be honest, just and fair to all.
Sully not thy grave place with jests and jokes,
Or low buffoonery, ever on the watch
To win the thoughtless laughter of the crowd.

This is not the most delicious of poetry, but there can be no getting away from its truth.

Miss Kenealy is to be congratulated upon the judicious manner in which she has edited and arranged a book which might very readily have turned out to be a sort of autobiographical ragbag. She has performed a filial duty in a competent and sensible way.

APOLOGIA PRO ANGUI

MEN, mammals, and things have all suffered from the careful or careless libels of writers whose highest aim has been to produce a certain effect regardless of the means used. But persons and things are usually vindicated sooner or later by numerous literary policemen, who resolutely arrest the offenders. Let a man or an institution or a thing be misrepresented, and a hundred antiquarians, historians,

or critics refute the error with a triumphant roar, drowning for ever the venomous shriek. If, however, an animal be ruthlessly mangled on some writer's rack, hardly any one troubles to raise his voice in vigorous protest. For the people really competent to expose and stop such unnecessary cruelty are enthusiastic naturalists whose attentions are concentrated on Nature's own gorgeous green library, and not on the curiously-scented pages of Art. And so the evil fungus spreads and swells until a huge mountain of unsavoury putrescence is all that much literature can display when, if she would only adhere to the truth, she might so easily show a silver stream winding smoothly over golden moor and mellow mead. Not that her libels on animals are always unpleasant in character; to dogs and doves, for instance, fond authors have constantly attributed exemplary dispositions to which, in reality, those creatures have little or no claim, but on which humanity is actually requested to model itself. If I, for one, honestly believed the dog to be capable of the tremendous heroism and self-sacrifice (frequently for very unworthy causes) which have been ascribed to it by many writers, I would gladly vote for the utter destruction of all dogs on the ground that virtues—such transcendent altruism—can only have a demoralising and devitalising effect on the average citizen. Besides, it is neither right nor dignified for man to take his moral lessons from a lower animal; his ideals should be drawn from a plane higher than his own.

Of familiar animals, perhaps the domestic cat is the chief victim of those writers who have not hesitated to parade their very superficial knowledge or unfathomable ignorance of that creature's true nature. In frivolous books of fiction or sober volumes of miscalled fact one always finds a cat's foremost characteristic to be the blackest treachery, although it should be obvious to a thoughtful observer that such violent plagiarism from some long dead influential fool whose flimsy excuse for unleashing so wild an opinion upon the world was, probably, that once he trod heavily upon a pet cat's tail and was promptly and properly bitten for his gross clumsiness. It is easy, however, to vindicate the cat; the plain truth and a little intelligence are the only needful instruments.

Far more difficult (if indeed possible) is the task of lifting down the smirched reputation of the serpent from the pillory where for centuries past the combined forces of poetry, prose, and painting have hung it up so unjustly to public odium. The serpentine incarnation of Sathanas in Genesis, the nastiest, most virulent similes of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Pliny, Shakespeare, Molière, and numerous modern authors, the most grotesque anecdotes of ancient naturalists, some of the most ludicrous stories recounted in modern books of travel, and the most vulgar "thrills" in sensational fiction have all alike extracted their poison or their spice from fancied or exaggerated properties of snakes. By those writers (past and present) to whom love of the marvellous and contempt for the truth were or are second nature the snake has been credited with colossal powers of deglutition, with a wonderful mesmeric influence over its prey; it has been gifted with breath so poisonous that the surrounding atmosphere became a sure death-trap to any one inhaling it; to several species these unscrupulous writers have given the very ingenious "emergency" power of utilising their convenient shapes as rolling hoops for more rapid pursuit or retreat, whilst, as the crowning achievement of authorial madness, to others has been attributed a miraculous immunity from the action of fire. By modern writers, whose impetus to lie would seem to be acquired ignorance or degraded imaginative force, the serpent is consistently described as being horribly disgusting and slimy, as having a sting (generally confounded with the forked tongue, but sometimes by insect analogy located in the tip of the tail), and as the most appropriate embodiment of insidious treachery. There is a third class of writers whose behaviour is quite inexcusable. The attitude of the two former groups rests, it may be, more on a desire to impress than to inform, and for that reason may be condoned; but what possible justification can be offered for those persons

who deliberately mislead their readers with statements and theories about the serpent tribe—theories couched, too, in just the calm scientific terms so alluring to the uninquiring mind? These self-styled naturalists' books ought to be suppressed, for their silly suggestions to young keepers of snakes about suitable methods of feeding this kind of pet frequently lead to much innocent cruelty to reptiles. I have ploughed (there is really no other word) through many books about snakes, but, with possibly two exceptions, all demanded copious emendation and excision. These would almost seem to be a conspiracy of professional naturalists to substitute uncouth supposition masquerading as fact for the old dazzling falsehoods; at any rate, these books entirely lack the dramatic presentation so generously provided by the unscientific.

There is yet another class that has sinned deeply against the snake. Many artists paint serpents from notions gained presumably in awful nightmares, or (what is infinitely worse) from badly-preserved specimens. Hence we find the snake in art falsely formed with round body and indescribably hideous head fashioned rather like an ace of spades; sometimes the creature's bifid tongue is depicted as culminating in a sharp arrow-like point; still more often the artist has grotesquely violated all laws of anatomy by picturing its mode of progression as a series of undulating arches, or, when the snake is climbing a tree, by making its body embrace the trunk in a regular spiral. One might easily prolong this list of literary and artistic errors, but enough has been stated for adequate illustration of the vast amount of crystallised nonsense or misinformation existing (alas!) very often in otherwise excellent settings. Of course so much caricature and perversion must have some foundation in fact. The wildest phantasmagoria must reflect, however faintly, a real scene. And it is because the anaconda and the cobra possess such dreadful weapons that the whole serpent tribe has been invested with a deadly glamour which clings to it still. Thanks to the two facts that rather less than a quarter of the entire serpent species possesses a more or less poison-dealing fang, and that a still smaller proportion has great constricting powers, the whole race has had to endure perpetual shame in Art and Literature. How is it that these qualities have been magnified to the utter exclusion of much that is lovely and pleasing? Literature has lavished her richest figures and phrases upon the aerial splendour of birds, the wonderful intelligence of certain beasts, and the radiant beauty of flowers, but she has had only monstrous epithet and foul aspersion for the snake. Can she find no lofty inspiration from that mysterious creature? For the serpent is pre-eminent among God's creatures for its exquisite grace and harmonious colours and subtle blending with its leafy environment. Just take some grey-green primrose-collared ring-snake and watch its lithe, sinuous body gliding with such consummate ease and poetry, now through the long grass with a bewildering deftness that pains as it pleases the eye, now over the velvet moss stained deeper and richer in colour by contrast with the reptile's shimmering body. Mark the liquid, lustrous sheen of its head-scales, note the restless darting forth of the long black tongue, an organ so sensitive and delicate that its touch on one's hand or cheek is as though one were kissed by some dim dream figure of the pale dawn. Then observe the reptile's eyes—their immovable glitter more startling than the vivid green glare flashing in the twilight from a cat's phosphorescent orbs. All a diamond's brilliance and all its frost lurk there, but behind that is life, strangely isolated perhaps, but yet life in all its mysterious wonder. I know no sight more purely beautiful than that of a snake swimming in a clear pool. The spirited horse, the elegant gazelle, the ornamental lyre-bird, the lace-winged butterfly cannot reveal the grace that flows from a serpent's form as it sweeps rhythmically through the water. It is the poetry of motion visibly and supremely expressed in a veritable liquid sonnet. And these lovely creatures are for the most part quite harmless, far more inoffensive indeed than yon silk-haired lap-dog or this yapping terrier

or that tame canary. But just as in the realms of prose and verse and picture the snake lies, hateful and hideous, deformed beyond belief, so in the world of actuality it is at the mercy of any shrivelled Litt.D., or spectacled Methodist "deacon," or blustering, thoughtless boy who may light upon it during a country walk. For in whole-hearted detestation of the serpent, intelligent, commonplace, and dullard act as one man. A wriggling, active snake suddenly dropped amongst a crowd of hostile savants will speedily unite them in the strongest common brotherhood—the brotherhood of Fear.

If I have written with a dogmatic assertiveness that may provoke a challenge as to my qualifications or authority in the matter, I can only say that for some years a whim induced me to keep several European and American snakes and to give them the closest personal observation. And the result of my study has been *not* a desire to publish a dry mathematical dissertation concerning peculiarities of reptilian evolution, or a prosy thesis on the possible correlation of diet and disposition in serpents, but a longing to tell everybody—especially the man with the pen or paint-brush—how intensely interesting, how infinitely varied, how full of literary or artistic possibilities, above all how utterly unlike its popular repute is the snake. For where there was slime there is prismatic iridescence, where there was poison there are docility and gentleness, where there was cunning there is natural simplicity, where there was horrible ugliness there is incomparable grace. May future generations realise that the snake dwells *not* in the damp dungeon, but in the warm-scented meadowland; that it is not a creature of darkness and death, but of light and life.

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR. New Edition, Revised and in part Rewritten by FREDERIC G. KENYON. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the original publication of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's *Life of Browning* in 1891 there has been brought to light a considerable amount of new information with regard to the poet's life and habits. This information has rendered Mrs. Orr's biography in part an obsolete volume, and Mr. Kenyon, in undertaking the task of preparing a new and revised edition, has earned the gratitude of all Browning lovers. He has proceeded with almost unnecessary caution, adding a little here, altering a little there, but conserving as much as possible of the original narrative. The facts about Browning's marriage have now been set out in their proper portion, and some additional material with regard to the closing weeks of the poet's life has been supplied by Mr. R. Barrett Browning. Thus corrected and amplified, the volume is presented to us as the final and authoritative account of Browning's life.

In many respects it is a disappointing book. Browning has suffered from no lack of commentators and panegyrists, but few have read him to so little purpose as his biographer. Mrs. Orr indulges in a number of what would appear to be wilfully oblique misjudgments on Browning's poetry. As a critic she is seldom reliable and never illuminating. Of the inner life of Browning we hear little, chiefly because there was so little to hear. There was a side of the poet that was never turned to the world. He is "Mr. Browning" throughout these pages, and there can be little doubt that it is as "Mr. Browning" he would desire to be remembered. So he confronts us in Mrs. Orr's book, as from Rudolf Lehmann's canvas in the National Portrait Gallery, the very embodiment of the elderly English gentleman. Browning less than any man wore his heart upon his sleeve. To the casual observer his life was a succession of dinner-parties, show Sundays, and social calls, nor are we permitted to surmise what

depths of sorrow or ecstasy lay latent and unrevealed in that strangely complex nature :

Outside should suffice for evidence :
And whoso desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—
No optics like yours, at any rate !

Once indeed he laid bare the hidden chambers of his heart—"once, and only once, and for one only." After the death of his wife he became, as one of his biographers, has aptly phrased it, "a splendid mask."

For those, however, to whom the exterior aspect of a poet's life is of value this book will always have a certain appeal. The ultimate position of Robert Browning in English poetry is a theme on which we are not at the present moment tempted to dwell. It is still, so to speak, in solution. But whatever posterity may do to "Sordello," it is difficult to believe that the poems in "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personae" will ever cease to be known and loved. This, too, must always remain to Browning's credit that, in an era of spiritual despair and denial, "he at least believed in Soul, and was very sure of God."

Literary and Historical Essays. By HENRY GREY GRAHAM.
(Black, 7s. 6d.)

READERS of "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," which, by the way, was "crowned" by THE ACADEMY as being the greatest book of the year 1899, will welcome this collection of essays by Mr. Henry Grey Graham. His death in 1906 at a comparatively early age removed one of the greatest enthusiasts for the eighteenth century. There was nothing in that period of which Mr. Graham was not a diligent and acute observer. He knew every wit and every author, every leader of fashion and society, every celebrity of the time—not merely by sight, but also by such little tricks of dress or mannerism as their intimates have noted here and there in their voluminous memoirs. As his anonymous biographer points out in a brief, excellent Preface to this volume, he was infinitely more at home in the eighteenth century than at a Glasgow dinner-table. In the tavern where the literary coterie foregathered in Edinburgh, in the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses of London, in the *salons* of Madame du Deffand or Madame Geoffrin in Paris, he would have known any one worth the knowing, not as a mere outsider, but as an intimate who is subconsciously aware of every little foible and eccentricity, jealousy and pet aversion, well aware what topics to obtrude and what subjects were best let alone, and in pungent satire and ready quip well able to hold his own in these tournaments and duellos of wit. It seems a little surprising to find a man so equipped in a Scotch manse. But Mr. Graham, we are told, lived and died a Scotch minister, for some years residing in a little rural parish in Berwickshire, and later having charge of a church in Glasgow. No doubt he performed his duties well and conscientiously, but it is impossible for a reader of his books to imagine him in the rôle or, indeed, as really "living" in any other period than the eighteenth century. The first three essays in the volume deal with "France Before the Revolution." Compressed into a small compass, they give a wonderfully vivid picture of the period. Mr. Graham has a forcible, direct style. He knows what he wants to say, and he says it in simple, straightforward language that leaves no doubt as to his meaning. He has no "prettinesses" or flowery passages; but his sentences are neat and well turned, and he says many acute things "by the way." "Nothing is more pitiless than a principle in action;" "In this world we are punished more for indiscretions than for sins;" and "Fanaticism is a conscience in an acute state of inflammation"—these are some of his pithy sayings.

His essay on Samuel Richardson is full of wise and true remarks. He seems in a flash of intuition to gauge exactly his author, and to distinguish at once his strength and weaknesses. "Richardson," he notes, "always wrote as a preacher, and was always afraid that if he was exactly true to Nature he would be false to his mission of instructing

society. He could only conceive of two possible ends for his bad characters in his zeal to vindicate the ways of Providence—they must either be reformed or they must die a miserable death."

Other essays in the book deal with "Old Burghal Life in Scotland," "Glasgow University Life in Olden Times," and "Russel of the Scotsman." All are written with charm, enthusiasm, and learning.

Thyrsis and Fausta. By ROSALIND TRAVERS. (Elkin Mathews.)

PERHAPS we cannot better praise Miss Travers' pastoral play, the title-poem of this volume, than by saying that it is really interesting; for pastorals have so often been dull. The plan of it is, of course, full of excellent opportunities for pleasant Nature verse, and Miss Travers is quick to use these opportunities. Her lyrics are lyrical and wonderfully varied in form and music, while some of the blank verse has a capital descriptive quality. Of the other verses in the book, some are simple and beautiful, and one or two pieces are "realistic" and distasteful. The most ambitious thing in the whole book is "Laus Amicitiae," in memory of Richard Garnett. It is a long, stately, processional kind of poem, in the Spenserian measure and the Shelleyan manner. Without presuming to question the sincerity of her threnody, we may doubt whether Miss Travers was wise in adopting this measure and manner, for she inevitably provokes thereby a constant reference in the reader's mind to "Adonais."

The Land of Pearl and Gold. By ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.G.S. (Blackie and Son, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very attractive collection of breezy tales of prospecting, mining, and travel in and on the coasts of Australia, in New Guinea, and other islands. Pearl is given precedence of gold in the title, but in the text there is only one tale of pearl fishing, and that is nearly at the end. But a pearl is the lady of all gems, and so the title is in the best of taste. *Place aux dames!*

Mr. Macdonald tells these sixteen tales in the first person, and there is not one that is dull. He delineates his characters with force and sympathy, and we quickly make friends with many of them. "Mac," the huge Scotchman, is his constant henchman, as loyal as he is self-assertive, as tender-hearted as he is fierce. Morris, the gentleman-miner and "new chum," whose nerves are so unstrung when his mate, "the Shadow," lights a detonating-fuse in a shaft that he jumps for the rope by which he and Shadow are to be hauled into safety, and so pulls down the windlass-barrel. But, having seemingly doomed himself and comrade to destruction, his nerve is good enough again, and he digs below the burning fuse and cuts off its connection with the charge (see "The Golden Promise Mine"). "The Warden" is a resident magistrate who holds the wildest valley of New Guinea in the hollow of his hand, being feared by cannibal natives and worshipped by pioneer miners to the extent that their first preoccupation was to avoid any action which might involve him with his seniors—happily a no uncommon type among those in whose hands lies the honour of the Empire at its outposts (see "Men of the Yodda Valley"); and there are many others whom the reader will not forget.

Though many fortunes are made in the gold and other mining fields, too seldom, alas! does the pioneer or *bonâ fide* miner skim the cream. He has many dangers and difficulties to overcome—physical, dangers of fatigue, fever, and thirst. The enmity of the aborigines, the wile of the mining Chinese, these produce a stirring tale in "White, Black, and Yellow," when threatening black men, preparing a great corroboree are attracted to the camp of no less hostile Chinamen, and one enemy disperses the other. But the canteen-keeper and the sharper are almost the worst enemies of all, and the tactics by which a good find must sometimes be secured to the pioneer is humorously told in "How we Held Mackay's Find." "On a Colonial Coaster," which tells of a voyage round Australia, sounds a little improbably

rough and haphazard; but "A Sugar Expert" deserves notice. A mining engineer is pressed into visiting the sugar-plantations of the Bardekin Delta, and spends a bewildering two days amid hospitality and culture, resource and cultivation. He finds sugar and sago, pineapple and vineyards, all thriving, and a planter who invents anything from a shower-bath to a flying-machine, and whose steam sugar-cutter is to solve the great difficulty of labour; for the Kanaka is no longer to be admitted, and white labour unions are fast making planting a losing game. A blank cheque is offered the miner for a report as a "sugar expert," which is never filled in.

Mr. Macdonald describes scenery with an artist's pen, and he is nowhere happier than in "The Pearling Grounds," when he donned the diver's dress and went down to a coral reef:

I stood in the midst of a magnificent marine forest, where graceful coral branches intertwined with less material tendril growth. The fronds of the coral palms trembled as if in a gentle breeze, and the more robust growths swayed slowly to and fro.

And so we will leave Mr. Macdonald, but well above water.

"The Land of Pearl and Gold" will be always a welcome companion to those who like to read of men doing man's work in the wilds.

William Clarke. A Collection of his Writings. (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a book that puzzles us not a little. The piety of friends has produced it, critics here and there will find it easy to praise it, but who, who, who will read it? Here is a fat, serious volume of four hundred pages (with a biographical sketch by two hands), containing a selection from the writings of a journalist who, after a life of strenuous business, died in 1901. To most readers Mr. Clarke's name will be quite unfamiliar, since the greater part of his work was anonymous. To say that the papers are excellent in style and matter is to give them no undue praise; they are very good journalism indeed, of the thoughtful, forcible kind which newspaper editors always need, though often they don't know it. But this does not seem to us a sufficient reason for the issue of a fat, serious volume of papers upon "Socialism," "The House of Lords," "Charles Spurgeon," "The Tidiness of Rural England," "The Uses of Agnosticism," etc., etc. Nor do we think it was necessary for Mr. Herbert Burrows to give us in his "Sketch" details of Mr. Clarke's diligent life as a journalist. These things always make us a little mournful, just as a life of a diligent stock-broker would. We say nothing of the character of Mr. Clarke, which appears honourable, simple, just, religious, in that best of lights—the light of his friends' love; we merely question their wisdom in publishing, seven years after his death, the newspaper articles of a man whose influence as a critic (though anonymous) of affairs and ideas was far greater in his lifetime than it can ever be again. And we would say nothing upon this point if we could dare to hope that newspaper writers would be spurred to emulate the capable and lucid style of Mr. Clarke's writings; but, alas! there is a great gulf between the anonymous generation of 180—and that of 1908, and all the bodies of the 1908 journalists, righteously slain, will not suffice to fill that gulf!

Preludes and Romances. By FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON. (George Allen and Sons, 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE exists in a certain library a palimpsest whereon was written down in Monkish Latin some stories of the older world—the work, it may be, of some not too pious brother who, irked by the continual restrictions of the monastic life, sought this harmless outlet for his errant fancy. These legends Mr. Bourdillon has, by great good fortune, happened upon, and in this volume they reappear in the form of modern English verse, while retaining something of their native dignity and grace. There are four in all, and they exhibit a wide range of subject. In "The Choice of Adam" we read how Adam was offered by his Maker the gift of wings, and how he elected to be mere

man. "The Debate of Mary and Venus" exhibits the conflict of the pagan ideal of life with the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice and penitence. A temple once dedicated to Venus, Queen of Love, has become the home of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, and one night the goddess comes back to her ancient habitation, to find that her empire has been overthrown. She vanishes with a prophecy—or is it a threat?

Beauty and love of beauty shall remain,
And Aphrodite hold men's hearts again.

In "Chryseis," the succeeding poem, we have Mr. Bourdillon at his best, though his scansion is occasionally faulty, as, for instance, in such a line as:

The heart of the adversary. And he who sings.

As a background to these romances we are given some vivid word-pictures of the Sussex Downs, where the poet has gathered a small group of congenial holiday-makers, one of whom charms his companions with the wisdom and fancy of the nameless and forgotten monk. Mr. Bourdillon discovers in the stories a resemblance to "many of the *exempla* or *gesta* which were in the library of every religious Foundation, save that they frankly dispense with the *moralizatio* at the end of the tale." But surely in "The Choice of Adam," at least, the *moralizatio* is implicit in the story.

FICTION

The Child of Chance. By MAXIME FORMONT. (John Lane, 6s.)

UNDER the title "Le Semeur" this novel had recently a considerable vogue in France and on the Continent generally. Its appearance in an English translation is a welcome event. It is due to the translator to say that he has done his work well. The story is told with an admirable economy of words, and in sentences which are as perfect and clear-cut as cameos. All redundancies have been carefully eliminated, and the impression left on the mind of the reader is one of extraordinary power and directness. The problem raised is, so far as we know, one new in fiction. It is briefly this: Is a woman, deprived of the opportunities of marriage, justified in laying violent hands on maternity? The problem is stated and discussed, but it cannot be claimed for M. Formont that he has provided any adequate solution. Marie-Cécile de Laurétan, the central figure of this story, had been trained from her earliest childhood in a Freethinking school of philosophy. She had been taught that the end and aim of woman's existence was motherhood, and that it mattered not how it was acquired. These ideas bore fruit, and the desire for offspring became an absorbing passion in the life of the young girl. When she realised that, owing to the selfish extravagance of her father, she would be unable to marry, she determined to become a mother without being a wife. The father of her child was a young Italian workman, for whom she had neither affection nor respect. She leaves him at once, and devotes the remainder of her life to the upbringing of the child. Some years after this she meets a man with whom she falls in love. Louis de Voves is told the secret of her past life, but determines, notwithstanding, that he will marry her. The marriage proves to be a singularly happy one, and all goes well till the father of Marie-Cécile's child once more reappears. Maddened with jealousy, this man swears that he will have his revenge, and he announces his intention of claiming the child as his own. A secret interview between Marie-Cécile and her aforetime lover follows, and the man is persuaded at length to relinquish the claim to his son. He pleads, however, that he may be allowed to see him, and to this request the mother yields. The story of the encounter is finely told. Marie-Cécile and her son are walking together in a public park, and they pass the man who has played so eventful a part in the lives of both of them, without a signal of recognition from the mother:

Pietro Arrigoni said never a word. He bent his head. The woman and child passed on. His life passed with them. He watched them disappear through the iron gates. The music had died away into a soft, plaintive air. He was alone, and was about to vanish into space.

It was his fate. He was the passer-by whose gesture creates life, who disappears into the unknown, while no one asks if he will ever return. He was the Sower.

The story is told without the least suspicion of grossness, and in the person of Marie-Cécile the author has succeeded in providing one of the most successful and interesting psychological studies in contemporary fiction.

The Prodigal City. By TRISTRAM COUTTS. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS somewhat elaborate study of municipal Socialism possesses the merit of being novel. Mr. Coutts shows considerable knowledge of local government, and though he may not intend his book to be taken too seriously by politicians, it undoubtedly deals many hard blows at municipal trading and corruption. Downington is the "prodigal city," the victim of a democracy that is both reckless and illiterate. The council is composed of thieves who masquerade under the names of "Liberal," "Conservative," and "Labour," but the greatest rascals of all are the Labour men. Everybody with any influence has to be "squared;" all local contracts are bought and sold by means of secret commissions, and false balance-sheets are prepared on every occasion to hoodwink the ratepayers. An American millionaire, who foresees that such a course of events must ruin any town, engages through an agent, an ardent reformer, Rupert Ethering, to get into the Downington Council and hurry forward all the schemes for extending the municipality's trading powers, so that the lesson may be soon learnt. Gabriel Downright's prophecy is justified when several leading firms begin to transfer their factories to the garden city established by him, but it is the local Labour leaders who eventually cure Ethering of his Socialism, and in the end we find him accepting an offer from Downright to contest Rosalyn, the garden city, in the Conservative interest. According to Mr. Coutts there is no honest person in the service of the ratepayers of England, and he distributes his criticisms irrespective of party; but the portrait of Quinion, the Labour leader, is likely to arouse most irritation. Labourites and Socialists are very sensitive nowadays, and the character of Quinion will not be allowed to pass unchallenged for the very reason that there is a strong suspicion that it is true to life. "*The Prodigal City*" is well worth reading despite a few imperfections in the style caused by carelessness in writing.

His Final Flutter. By HENRY POTTS. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MR. NAT GOULD must undoubtedly look to his laurels. For there has appeared on the horizon of sporting fiction Mr. Henry Potts. He not only knows racing, but can write about it, both picturesquely and convincingly. Mr. Potts has already gained undoubted commendation for his earlier book, "*Circuit Companions*," and "*His Final Flutter*" should maintain the reputation he has achieved. Viewed dispassionately, "*His Final Flutter*" gives quite an intimate and, in a way, curious picture of racing. To the uninitiated a horse-race should mean a race between two or more horses. But "to those who know" (and Mr. Potts is evidently of the latter category) it is much more than that. It is a match between the owner and the bookmaker, between the owner and the public to prevent the latter from "spoiling the market" by indiscriminate wagers before the race, and again between the owner and the bookmaker, who in certain instances is not above maiming or hounding a horse that he does not want to win. There is also another contest of wits, more dangerous, but still possible up to a certain point, between the owner and the handicapper. No owner must run his horse unfairly or untruly, but he may run him over a wrong distance where his true form will not appear, and so win a light handicap in the race of

his choice. All these tricks and opportunities for *finesse* Mr. Potts knows well, and uses them quite cleverly in "*His Final Flutter*." He also weaves in quite a nice little love-story, where the course of true love runs by no means smooth for a time, but eventually the loyalty of the lady and the good common sense of her father—a most delightful parson—prove too much for the machinations of a detestable aunt and nephew.

Altogether "*His Final Flutter*" is quite a good, breezy, sporting story, written without pretentiousness, but written soundly and naturally. Mr. Potts gives us a whole racing season, from the Lincoln meeting to the Cesarewitch, and leaves his hero and heroine happily married, having beaten the Ring, with no clouds threatening their lives, and the Turf put behind them and forsaken.

Lady Lee. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

MISS WARDEN'S name on a title-page means only one thing—sensational and successful melodrama. Her latest book is no exception to this rule. Thrill follows thrill, sensation sensation, until at last, with one final cataclysmal ecstasy, the curtain falls on a tableau foretelling a happy future for those who deserve it.

It would be idle to pretend that "*Lady Lee*" is another "*House on the Marsh*." We shall probably wait long before that triumph is repeated, but it should rank well among its fellows and be successful among those innumerable readers who read to please their hearts rather than their heads. It has that characteristic which is often called, for want of a better name, a "human interest." The characters are well and clearly drawn, and if the line-work is just a little heavy and the colours have been used somewhat lavishly, that is a fault on the right side in the eyes of Miss Warden's public. Of its literary merit there is no need to speak. Miss Warden's name is enough to guarantee that there are no solecisms or breaches of taste. Her style, though never ambitious, is clear and direct, and her grammar unimpeachable. And this is much more than can be said of many modern writers. There is also one more point in her favour—she is never dull.

The Bond Woman. By H. MAXWELL. (Digby Long, 6s.)

THE only impressive thing about this work is its extreme length. We reached the last chapter, but only by dint of great perseverance and, we must confess, judicious skipping. We should feel more compunction on this score were we not convinced that we had missed nothing of any importance in the lives of the unusually dull and extraordinarily talkative people who form the *personnel* of the book. So garrulous are they that such a statement as this is difficult to believe:

But for the untiring efforts of the indefatigable Mr. Tatham there would have been no general conversation at all.

The "bond-woman" is Grace Osborne, who marries a wealthy, self-made man, Amos Bond, on his deathbed, with the full intention of becoming the wife of another man as soon as her husband dies. Bond does not die, but later, finding that his wife does not love him, chivalrously endeavours to disappear. A convenient railway accident helps him to achieve this end, and he is to all intents and purposes a dead man when he finds that, owing to the fact that he has neglected to make a will, his money is all going to the wrong person. To prevent this he is compelled to make an ignominious reappearance, thereby seriously inconveniencing his wife and his talkative family—who talk all the more in consequence.

The Wheel o' Fortune. By LOUIS TRACY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE adventures of Dick Royson in search of a mysterious buried treasure in an African desert are conventional enough, but Mr. Tracy writes sufficiently well to make his book interesting reading. The young man is introduced to us as he watches a procession of the unemployed. He, too, is out of employment. A timely carriage accident,

however, provides him with an opportunity of displaying his prowess, and, as a result, he is engaged by Baron von Kerber to be the second mate of the *Aphrodite*, the yacht which is carrying Mr. Fanshawe, his daughter, Mrs. Haxton, Captain Stump and his crew to Africa. Royson is the heir to a baronetcy and a large income, but this fact is kept a secret to Miss Fanshawe and the reader until the proper time for its publication. Meanwhile Royson falls in love with Miss Fanshawe of course, and it also follows that his proposal comes before the knowledge of his change of fortune reaches him. This is all part of the modern novelist's extreme fondness for proving the sincerity of his hero and heroine. However, the love-making forms a small part only of "The Wheel o' Fortune." All the mystery surrounding buried treasure is drawn upon for surprise and counter-surprise; the interest in the baron and Mrs. Haxton is worked up to a strong pitch, but in the end the author has very little to tell of them. An author should see that he can manufacture a good solution as well as a good mystery, and Mr. Tracy's weakest spot is the conclusion of his story. Mr. Tracy is by now a well-known writer of sensational novels, and his latest book, whilst striking no new line or probing deeply into the problems of life, is a good specimen of the story-novel pure and simple. We have met many Dick Roysons before, and they have performed many of the feats Mr. Tracy describes. That fact, however, will not trouble the author's readers. They like a readable, exciting story, and in "The Wheel o' Fortune" they will get it.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I write just two or three words not in order to contradict or have the last word, but merely to clear up one or two points. I have not read Mr. Bax's book, and have no knowledge of what his religious opinions are; but this makes no difference to the argument. One swallow does not make a summer, and it is impossible to argue that because one or more men profess Atheism or Agnosticism, therefore the party to which he belongs is all of the same colour. No one would say this of the Tory or Liberal party, and therefore why of the Socialist? I still maintain that the large majority of books—viz., the "Fabian Essays," "The Labour Ideal Series," "Socialism," by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to quote some I have read, are sympathetic as far as religion goes, and not against it. The Socialist Members in the House of Commons are certainly not opposed to religion, and they are very good specimens of the English Socialist. Still, after all, this is not a matter between him and me; time will show who is right. The Socialist movement is making rapid progress, and the Light that shines in the darkness will in due time show if it be religious or no.

W. H. PAINE, Curate of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, N.W.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in "Life and Letters."—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is strange that so many intelligent people should still remain in doubt as to the real attitude of Socialism towards the Christian Churches. And yet Socialist writers have been admirably frank upon the subject in their published works. A few extracts from the writings of their leaders may therefore prove interesting; they certainly speak with no uncertain voice.

Karl Marx ridicules the belief in Christianity. He says:—

Morality has nothing to do with religion—that it has is only asserted by fools or hypocrites.

Again, Mr. E. B. Bax, the most eloquent of the English exponents of the "Ethics of Socialism," writes:

The association of Christianity with any form of Socialism is a mystery; it is useless to blink the fact that the Christian doctrine is revolting to the higher moral sense of to-day. The theories of the older religions are impossible for us. *Christian Socialism is an anomaly, not only alien, but hostile to us.* We care nothing for Christ, Mahomet, Gautama Buddha, Confucius, etc. In fact, reverence for authority of any kind was destroyed by Socinus, Luther, Calvin, and their followers. By denying the authority of the Church as a Divine teacher,

and substituting free-thought and private judgment, the pillars of the entire dogmatic edifice were broken, leaving it only a matter of time for the whole edifice to fall in. . . . Even dogmatic Protestantism leaves it open to dispute every dogma on Biblical authority; each man can devise a system out of that heterogeneous body of literature called the Bible. . . . Mediæval civilisation was Christian theology in its only consistent form. . . . The present mental attitude of educated men differs from that of all previous ages.

And then further on he makes the ingenious, but rather odd, admission that "unconscious humbug is an important ingredient in the spirit of the age."

Most of us will agree with him in this. Again, in a work published jointly by the late William Morris and Mr. E. B. Bax we read:

To most men the religion of modern society means nothing more than mere sets of names and formulas, to one or other of which every respectable man is supposed to be attached, and in which he will be sure to find a conventional solution of the great problem . . . the general grimace of religion which has taken the place of real belief.

With regard to belief in a future life, Karl Marx wrote:

Beyond Nature and Man there is nothing; and those higher beings created by our religious fancy are but the fantastic reflections of our own being.

Surely this is pure atheism! Herr Behel, the leader of the Socialists in Germany, declares against the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Robert Blatchford also wrote recently in the *Clarion*:

I am working for Socialism when I attack a religion which is hindering Socialism; I do not like the Christian Church.

Nothing could be more straightforward than these announcements as to the objects of Socialism. We should understand by them exactly the nature of the struggle which we have to face. On the other hand, the efforts of some Christian writers to minimise the doctrines of Socialism are contemptible and dishonest. One point has been made clear: a man cannot be a Socialist and remain a Christian; he cannot at the same time run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

ARCHIBALD J. DUNN.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to an editorial note in the last issue of THE ACADEMY which seems to suggest that all the members of the Christian Social Union are Socialists. Such a remark might be allowed to pass in the vague and general sense in which it may be said that "we are all Socialists now." But if the term Socialism is used in its more technical sense to denote the collective ownership of capital and land, it would not be accurate to describe the Christian Social Union as being committed to any such policy. An official statement of the position of the Christian Social Union was published last month, of which I beg to submit a copy, to emphasise the fact that the Union has never been identified with any political party.

J. CARTER, Hon. Secretary of the C.S.U.

Pusey House, Oxford, June 8, 1908.

[We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Carter's disclaimer, and we are very glad to hear that the Christian Social Union is not committed to approval of Socialism. This is as it should be, and we regret that we in any way misrepresented the aim of the Union.—ED.]

SOCIALISM AND SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the assertion made by your correspondent Mr. Mackenzie Theedam on behalf of that ludicrously superfluous organisation the Men's League for Women's Suffrage, in THE ACADEMY of May 30th, that "Socialists as a body have opposed our movement," would you allow me to defy him to produce the name of a single prominent Socialist who has ventured to oppose female suffrage, or even that of one who has failed to support it? The three most representative leaders of Parliamentary Socialism—Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Victor Grayson—are devoted satellites of Miss Pankhurst. Every member of the Independent Labour Party supported the motion in favour of woman suffrage in the recent division in the House of Commons. At Leeds, Huddersfield, and several other towns the Suffragettes were protected by the Socialists from the Radical chucks-out and the violence of the mob. Among the less purely political section of the Socialist faction Mr.

George Bernard Shaw, Mr. R. J. Campbell (of the City Temple), and Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham—to name but these—have identified themselves closely with the Suffragette cause as Galahads of to-day; and it would be an easy matter to add to the list by the enumeration of minor celebrities were it necessary to do so. In France Socialism and Feminism have walked hand in hand, and a parallel movement is to be found existing in all other European countries. The nine women members recently returned to the Finnish Diet were, without exception, Socialists of an extremely virulent type. It is greatly to be feared that the Jellabys of female suffrage surpass even their mistresses in the recklessness of their departure from the "line of fact."

T. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

"TRUTH CANNOT BE SECTARIAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted, with the utmost respect for your opinions in your issue of the 6th inst., to express my entire disagreement with them?

In his essay on Nature, John Stuart Mill observes that, according to the Platonic method, it is a rule that the meaning of an abstraction is best sought for in the concrete—of the universal in the particular. Applying this to the abstraction *truth*, its meaning is conformity to fact or reality; its essence being what is certain, absolute, fixed, positive, unerring, and universal. To cite an example, *inter alia*, one speaks of the laws that govern Nature and our physical selves as truths, because they cannot be diverted or disproved of. But surely, Sir, you must admit that religious tenets, doctrines, and dogmas, *per se*, are subject to flux, change, and doubt, are not universal, and are therefore not compatible with the meaning of *truth*, as I understand it.

The ethical laws commensurate for the weal and happiness of mankind and the individual, which underlie all sectarian teaching and all religion may be truths—but this is beside the question.

It seems to me that what you have laid down in your paragraphs as inviolate truths to millions of the world's inhabitants would seem untruths. These myriads ascribe truth to their own particular creeds. Therefore I fail to see or comprehend how "truth cannot be sectarian" is "a false statement."

It seems to me, Sir—and I make the suggestion in all humility—that the abstraction *truth* in all religious systems should be changed into the more consistent term of *belief*. Beliefs, unlike truths, need not undergo the ordeal of inexorable proof and logic.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7, Bullingham-mansions, Kensington, W.

A NEW READING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A *propos* of your recent controversy, should not the old aphorism read:

Indiscretion is the better part of (Mr. G. B. Shaw's) valour?

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, N.

AN INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Could you, through your columns, kindly inform me where the original painting of Hogarth's "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" is to be seen? I should be greatly obliged for the information.

L. GUNNIS.

The Press Club, 6 and 7, Wine Office Court,
Fleet Street, E.C.

A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is really a pity that you should admit letters like those of Mr. Edward S. Dodgson into THE ACADEMY. It is impossible to explain to your readers who are not philologists how utterly devoid of scientific value these random speculations are. This week you have printed, to the consternation of your philological friends, a column and a quarter of stuff like this:

"It is more probable that *labarum* is connected, like the root of *λαμβάνω*, with *lamh*, the old Keltic word for hand."

What a curious idea Mr. Dodgson has of scientific probability! Three words are similar in sound, *ergo* they are radically akin. He does not take the trouble to investigate the history of the Greek or Keltic word. Had he done so, he would have found out that it is generally agreed by scholars that the original form of the root of *λαμβάνω* was "slab," and that the original form of

the root of *lamh* was "pal." The roots have only "L" in common.

Oxford.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM THE SCOTTISH PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is greatly to be regretted that many writers and public speakers (inadvertently it may be, but erroneously) use the term "England" for "Britain," "English" for "British," and "Englishmen" for "Britons" and "British people," these errors creating confusion in many minds, and tending, through use and wont, to become the accepted terms, although they are at variance with historic fact.

We beg earnestly to call your attention to the following points with reference to the offensive misuse of these terms, and to appeal to you, in the interests of Justice and Honour, to aid by your example and otherwise in arresting this unfair and mischievous practice.

The question involved is not one of sentiment alone, though even as regards sentiment history shows the immense importance of conciliating rather than offending it. But the matter is one also of national rights and international honour. The substitution of the terms "England" and "English" for "Britain" and "British" involves the violation of the very first condition of the union between Scotland and England, and subsequently between Great Britain and Ireland. It is laid down as the first condition in both Treaties that when the United Kingdom is referred to the united name shall be employed. The Empire is not the English, but the British Empire; the Parliament is not the English, but the British Parliament; the Army and Navy are not English, but British; the Flag is not the English, but the British Flag; the Sovereign is not the English, but the British Monarch.

So keenly is the injustice felt in Scotland of having the terms that stand for Union set aside, and the sectional terms "England" and "English" put in their place, that in 1897 over 100,000 Scottish people of all ranks and classes, including Members of Parliament, Principals of Scottish Universities, and Lord Provosts, Provosts, and magistrates of numerous cities, towns, and burghs in Scotland, as well as thousands of Scottish people in the Colonies, signed a protest against it, which was presented to and graciously accepted by her late Majesty Queen Victoria. It is surely a pity that, by the use of inaccurate and offensive terms, national animosities should be provoked which the adoption of a united name was wisely intended and well fitted to lay at rest.

We beg to draw your attention to the slip made in your issue of May 30th (p. 824) where you use the term "Anglo-French Exhibition" instead of "Franco-British Exhibition."

Our appeal to you for your co-operation (by example and otherwise) in discountenancing the abuse referred to is made in the interests of international goodwill; and we feel sure that the appeal will not be made to you in vain.

In the name of the Scottish Patriotic Association,

DAVID MACRAE, President.

DONALD DEWAR, } Hon. Secretaries.
D. G. MACKEMMIE, }

PS.—I do not know if the lesson you mention is meant *only* for Englishmen, in which case the word used is correct, but the term "English people" should be "British people."—D. MCK.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I have read Mr. Huth's letter in THE ACADEMY of June 6th, criticising certain arguments as to the dates of Shakespearian quartos recently advanced by me. If there is anything at all in my theory, it cannot but profit by such minute attention as that which Mr. Huth appears to have bestowed upon it. Since I hope to return to the subject in greater detail in a future number of the *Library*, I cannot now enter into a general discussion of the evidence, but one or two remarks on the particular point raised may not be out of place.

Until I have examined Mr. Huth's copies of the quartos—which I hope he will have the kindness of allowing me some day to do—I can, of course, only speak hypothetically. With regard to the variations in the measurement of the LM pot watermark, I should, however, like to recommend the following considerations to his attention:—(i.) Allowance must be made for the unequal shrinkage of different sheets in drying. Mr. Huth, as a bibliographer, is, of course, well aware of the curiously different measurements sometimes found in different impressions of the same woodcut, owing to the varying dampness of the sheets

when printing. A similar variation must, I think, be expected in watermarks. (ii.) Watermarks also vary owing to the gradual deformation of the wiremark during the use of the frame. For instance, the PA pot, which occurs no less than nineteen times in the Capell volume, shows marked signs of deterioration and warping, though it has not been re woven, as apparently has the GG pot. (iii.) It is quite possible that Mr. Huth's copies of the quartos may contain marks unrepresented in the Capell volume, and which are consequently not described in my article. I have recently re-examined the Capell volume with care, and am convinced that the mark in question is from the same frame throughout, even though it may vary slightly in measurement. On the other hand, I quite admit the difficulty, in certain circumstances, of being sure of the identity of watermarks, and have no wish to deny that the table I gave in the *Library* may yet require correction.

W. W. GREG.

Trinity College, Cambridge, June 10, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves.* Maunsel, 2s. net.
 Milligan, Alice. *Hero Lays.* Maunsel, 2s. 6d. net.
 Ken, Robert J. *The Tulip-Tree and other Poems.* Dublin: Combridge, 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

- Ratton, James J. L. *Essays on the Apocalypse.* Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.
 Andrews, H. T. *Westminster New Testament: The Acts of the Apostles.* Melrose, 2s. net.
 Hunter, John. *De Profundis Clamavi.* Williams and Norgate, 3s. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

- The British Year-book of Agriculture and Agricultural Who's Who, 1908-9.* Vinton.
 Dawson, Lawrence H. *Nicknames and Pseudonyms.* Routledge, 1s. net.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. Macmillan, 21s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- The Art of Teaching.* By the late Sir Joshua Fitch. Sunday School Union, 1s. net.
 Ainsworth, W. H. *Old Saint Paul's.* Nelson, 7d. net.
 Parker, Sir Gilbert. *An Adventure of the North.* Nelson, 7d. net.
 Johnson, Robert Underwood. *Poems.* New York: The Century Co. London: Macmillan.
 Lee, Sidney. *A Life of William Shakespeare.* Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
 Shakespeare. *King Henry VI.* Parts I., II., and III. Blackie, 1s. 6d. net each.
 Stevenson, R. L. *Prince Otto.* Chatto and Windus, 2s. net.
 Colonel Hutchinson, *Roundhead.* Sisleys, 1s. net.
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